

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

February  
1952 25¢



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by MARJORIE VETTER

**Our F.B.I.** By JOHN J. FLOHERTY. J. B. Lippincott Company, \$2.75. What do you think of when you hear J. Edgar Hoover or F.B.I.? Incorruptible integrity, streamlined efficiency in scientific crime detection, dogged perseverance, drama, excitement, adventure, courage, daring—all these come to mind in connection with this world-famous agency for the investigation of crime and subversive activities. How did this agency and its founder and present director acquire their reputation? What kind of men are the special agents who work in the field? How are they selected and how are they trained? What makes lawyers or certified accountants especially desirable as G-men? Here is the complete story of J. Edgar Hoover and the Federal Bureau of Investigation told with the careful accuracy, the honesty and sense of drama for which this author is famous. According to his custom in gathering material for his books, Mr. Floherty attended classes at F.B.I. headquarters in Washington, and both indoors and at the outdoor pistol and rifle range of the F.B.I. National Academy at Quantico. He shared in raids and other F.B.I. activities so that his story has the liveliness of real experience, and it is rich in anecdotes of actual cases.

**How to Make Good Pictures.** By EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, \$1.00. This book is just what its name implies, a simple basic guide to help the amateur photographer make good pictures and get the most fun and satisfaction from his camera. Really an album of photographs, with lengthy captions illustrating the fine points of picture-taking and the do's and don'ts for obtaining good photographs, it instructs through examples. The pictures used in this way are not professional photographs but were made by amateurs like you, using simple equipment. The book helps you to see the picture possibilities all around you and to make the most of them. Part One points out pitfalls and explains how to avoid them; discusses how cameras work and how they differ; explains why there are several types of film; and tells how to pick out a camera suited to your requirements. Part Two gives information on specific picture-making projects. Part Three briefs you on the processes of developing, printing, enlarging, etc. Part Four suggests ways to use your good pictures when you have them. Good luck with your snapshot adventures!

**Mr. Brady's Camera Boy.** By FRANCES ROGERS. J. B. Lippincott Company, \$2.75. A hundred years ago a simple photograph was as new and exciting as the

first television pictures were yesterday. It was then that Timothy Todd, a Southern boy with a passionate interest in photography, left home at fourteen to join a traveling photographer. You will find the descriptions of how pictures were taken and developed in those early days highly amusing and interesting. A series of exciting adventures landed Timothy in Washington among a varied group of pleasant new friends next door to the studio of the great Mathew Brady, pioneer photographer! Brady was well known even before the Civil War. During the Battle of Bull Run he drove his dark-room into battle and took pictures which are famous as the first official American battle photographs. He is also known for his portraits of Abraham Lincoln. Timothy, as his camera boy, was privileged to learn his thrilling new trade while he shared these exciting experiences in making camera history. Camera fans will enjoy this picture of Mathew Brady and the pioneer days of photography. History students will be interested in a Southern boy's experiences in Civil War Washington, including his meeting with Harriet Tubman—the daring and courageous slave-born leader of the Underground. The general reader, looking for a good story, will find Timothy's adventures lively reading.

**Treasure Box Mystery.** By JANE SELKIRK. Dodd, Mead and Company, \$2.50. Perhaps you have already met Burn and Willa Ethridge and their friends in other Ethridge Acres mystery books by this author. If so, you know how these seven self-reliant, resourceful youngsters seem to attract dangerous and puzzling happenings. This time, to make confusion worse confounded, seven European children, speaking various languages, are added to the group, when each American youngster invites a displaced child for a visit. And then, somewhere between London and Ethridge Hall, Georgia, an eighth child, Karis Mikel, is mysteriously added to the group, en route for this visit to America. Who is Karis Mikel? Where did she come from? Is some dangerous enemy pursuing her? Fourteen assorted young people have a variety of hair-raising adventures, get mixed up with jewel robbers, and have the time of their lives trying to answer these questions.

**On My Honor.** Edited by MARJORIE VETTER. Longmans, Green and Company, \$2.75. Reviewed in the November issue of the magazine, this collection of twenty dramatic and entertaining AMERICAN GIRL stories illustrating the Girl Scout laws, written by favorite authors and dealing with problems you are meeting in your own daily lives, is now being sold by the Girl Scout National Equipment Service for \$2.75 under catalog number 23-128. Here are stories about girls who love dogs or horses, overcome handicaps, worry about dates, plan for careers, sail, dance, baby-sit, face the problem of sororities, make adjustments in family and school relationships. Far from being preachy, they are lively and fun to read. They are not about Girl Scouts, but they do make the Girl Scout Laws clear, vivid, and meaningful and impress them on the memory.

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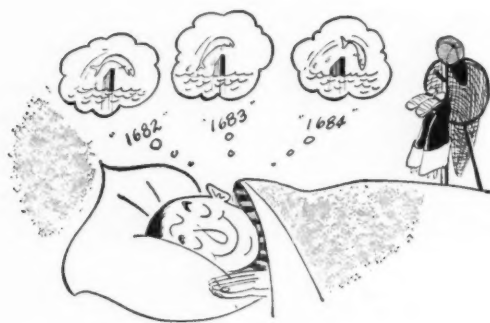


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## HAVE YOU HEARD?



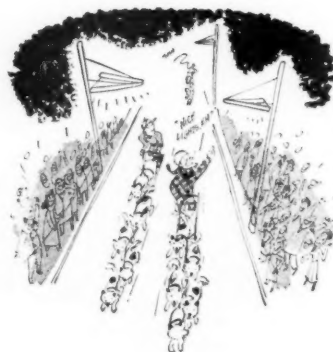
**K**IRK KNIGHT of Bartlett, Texas raises minnows for a living. And he does it on a grandiose scale. Selling the fish in large quantities was, for a long time, complicated by the obvious difficulty of not being able to count the little fellows with any degree of accuracy. Then Mr. Knight told his troubles to H. M. Keith, manager of the REA Co-op at Bartlett.

Recognizing the fact that minnows will not swim downstream, Mr. Keith built two tanks, connecting them with an inclined glass tube small enough to let one minnow through at a time. Water was then circulated through the tube. The fish immediately began to swim upstream, through the glass tube, into the other tank. A General Electric photoelectric device, connected to a magnetic counter capable of recording 600 counts per minute, did the rest.



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# The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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### FEBRUARY COVER GIRL

Ellie Saunders, our February Cover Girl, makes a very pretty valentine in Highlander's softly tailored princess-line coat of all-wool check. It is lined with taffeta, and the raglan sleeves and yoke are set in on the bias. Bodice is fitted, and the skirt has a wide-sweeping flare. In teen sizes 10-16, it's about \$35 at the stores listed on page 58. Hat is by Greenberg-Fisch. Gloves are by Wear Right. Bag by Belmo.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$2.50 for one year, \$4.00 for two years. Foreign and Canadian, \$6.00 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money order for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.  
155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York

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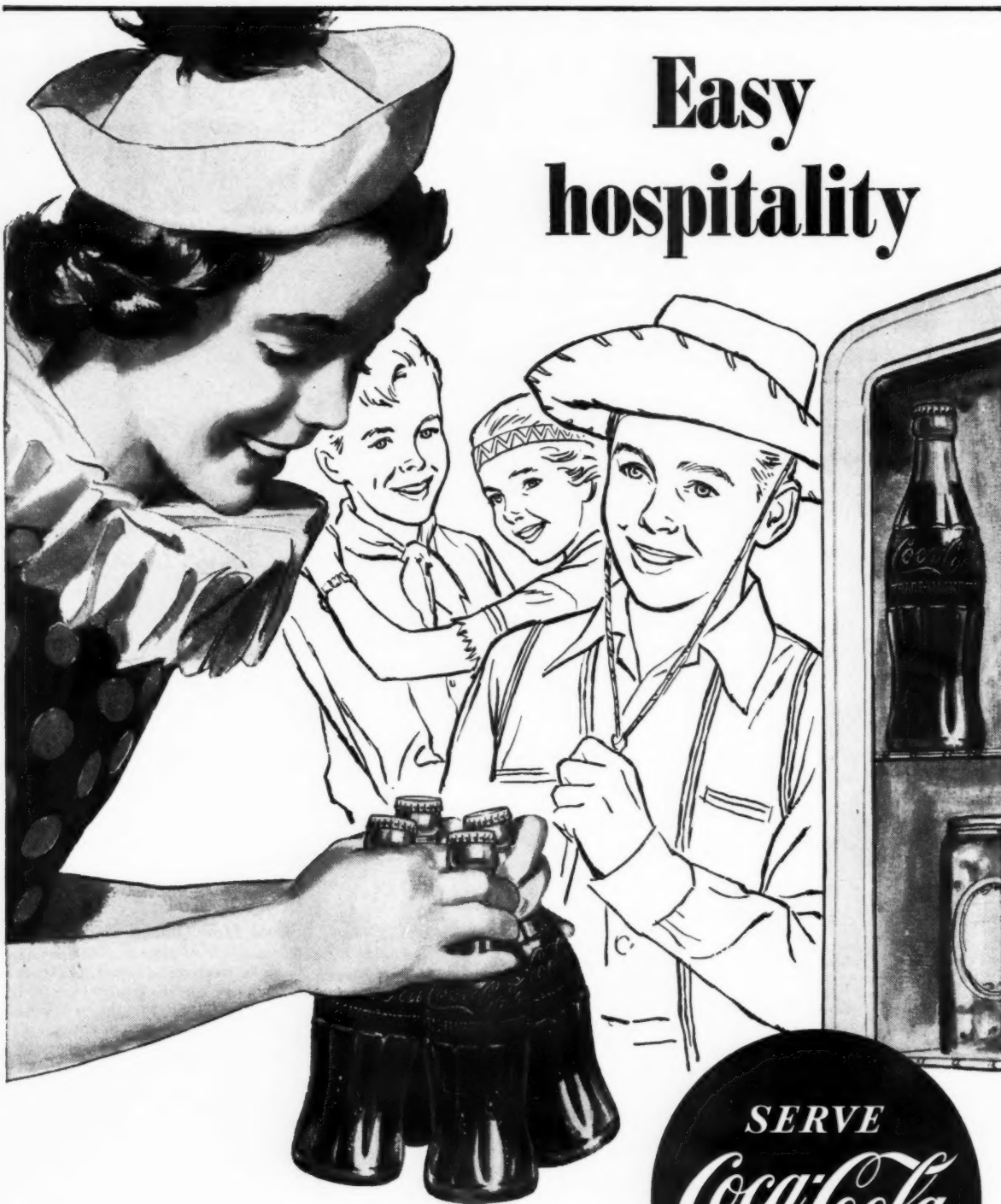
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"See where I am, Gramp!  
Just an old folk dancer!"

# A Part to Play

by MARJORIE YOURD HILL

Illustrated by Kurt Kint

**H**ER NAME was not on the casting list! Hedy Mueller stared unbelievably at the paper tacked to the tree. There must be a mistake! Because they were direct descendants of the first Swiss settlers in that part of Wisconsin, the Mueller family always had important speaking parts in the annual outdoor pageant in which the whole village took part. When Hedy's Aunt Tillie and her sister Ruth were in their teens, they had each played the part of Lady Bertha. Now it should have been Hedy's turn.

Instead, the part was assigned to Elsie Zimmerman—vain, affected Elsie, of all people! To make it still worse, Elsie would be playing opposite Fritz Schneider, a boy Hedy had long admired. She had been counting on the summer twilight rehearsals as an opportunity to become friends with him. It was unendurable to think of his

doing love scenes with that simpering Elsie Zimmerman!

Bitter resentment surged through Hedy as she watched the crowd gathering for the first rehearsal. She saw her grandfather approaching with Mr. Frost, the new high-school speech teacher, who was directing the pageant this year. There was never any doubt about Gramp's part—no one challenged his right to play the aged Baron Attinghausen. How splendidly he died each year, with all the village ten-year-old boys in lace cassocks choiring his demise!

"Look, Gramp!" Hedy put a trembling finger on the list. Her grandfather turned toward her, while Mr. Frost hurried on. "See where I am, Gramp! Just one of the folk dancers."

Gramp peered at the typewritten list over his steel-rimmed glasses, tugged his thick beard, and

**Hedy finds a real-life part harder to play than any stage role, in a story based on an actual Swiss pageant that takes place annually in Wisconsin**





"Hey! Hedy, are you deaf? Don't you want to ride home with me?"

clucked his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

"Ach, du lieber! Ya, it is too bad."

"Couldn't you speak to Mr. Frost, Gramp? You could ask him to do something about it. He hasn't been here long enough to know the tradition of our family."

Her grandfather looked solemnly at her. "Nein, my schatze, der should be no privileges in a democracy chust because of inheritance. Each must earn his place. I tink Mr. Frost knows his business."

"But, Gramp! I've been counting on it all year. I never dreamed anyone else would try out for it. Elsie must have some scheme in mind. I know she must."

Her grandfather did not answer her anguished protest. He was looking beyond her. She turned curiously and saw Elsie and Fritz slowly approaching. Their heads were close together over the play-script which Elsie had in her hand.

"Ah, Ulrich! Ulrich!" Elsie was declaiming. "Leave behind thee the pleasures of the court. Remember Uri, and your people's struggle for freedom. Only stand by their cause and that of Tell and I will be thine!"

"She reads it well," Gramp observed impartially.

"I could do just as well if I practiced."

"Then you should for another chance make yourself ready."

"Next year!" Hedy's voice was impatient. "No, thank you."

"I should my own speech practice

now." Gramp strolled on, muttering to himself, "A vision of glory dazzles these fading orbs of mine."

No matter how many times he had done the role, Gramp took it as seriously and worked as hard.

"Hi, there, Hedy!" Fritz looked up and saw her.

"Hi!" she smiled brightly. They mustn't know that she was upset.

"Hi!" said Elsie. "Oh, there's Walt and Joe! Just a minute; I have to tell them something." She darted off.

In a low voice Fritz said, "Sorry you didn't get the part, Hedy."

She felt the blood rush to her face. He sounded as if he meant it. Warmed by his sympathy, she threw discretion aside.

"I feel terrible, Fritz! How do you think Elsie wangled the part?"

"Wangled?" he frowned.

"Yes!" Hedy pouted. "Everybody knows the part belongs in our family. By rights I should have had it."

Fritz looked still more troubled. "Maybe if you hadn't been so sure of it, Hedy, and had taken time to practice beforehand, you would have done better in the tryouts."

Hedy felt uncomfortably aware that what he said was true, but she answered defensively, "I knew the lines well enough! Wasn't I prompter for my sister last year?"

"Ye-es," he agreed, "but I think if you had really worked instead of taking the part for granted . . ." His voice trailed

off and his eyes roved toward the gay group where Elsie stood. Hedy felt panicky. She was only a might-have-been, a girl who hadn't made the grade. After that one spark of sympathy he was already losing interest in her.

Momentarily she felt more bitter against Elsie than ever. Elsie, with her good looks, self-confidence, and gaiety, always got everything she wanted—boys included. If Hedy had only known that Elsie was going to try out for the lead she would have slaved over the part. She realized, as Fritz and her grandfather had hinted, that it was her own fault that she had lost it. She had thought she could get by on her family's reputation without bothering to work very hard. She had to blink furiously to keep away the tears. At least, she needn't be a baby!

Elsie danced back from her other friends to Fritz again and slipped her arm possessively through his. He blushed. With pleasure, Hedy thought jealously.

"It's time we were getting up on the hillside in our places, Fritz," Elsie caroled, and started to walk away with him. Then she caught sight of Mrs. Mueller coming down the pasture lane, with

Hedy's two little brothers cavorting before her.

Elsie's eyes gleamed. "Hello, Mrs. Mueller!" she called.

Breathlessly Mrs. Mueller hurried up to them. "Are we late?" she panted.

"No, they've just started the first act. The peasant women aren't on yet," Fritz said.

"Gute! I rush so!"

"Mrs. Mueller," Elsie said sweetly, "I was wondering about that beautiful head-dress your Ruth wore last year. It is much nicer than the one the Guild supplies. Do you suppose I could borrow it, since I am to be Lady Bertha this time?"

Hedy gasped. Surely, the costumes which the women's civic group, the Guild, made and kept from year to year for the pageant were good enough for Elsie. Certainly she didn't expect the Mueller family heirloom to be lent to her. How did she dare!

"Of course," said Mrs. Mueller pleasantly. "I know you'll be careful of it, as Ruth was." She called to the little boys. "Here, Werner and Jacob! Stop that scuffling, and come sit on the hillside until time for us to appear. When Papa leads the horsemen out, we will run and fall on our knees beside the road, and I

will plead with the tyrant. He is only Mr. Zurbuchen, the shoe-repair man, you know."

The boys were too small to remember much about it from other years. They went off, Mrs. Mueller still explaining. Elsie and Fritz followed them. Disconsolately, Hedy found her place among the folk dancers on the far side of the meadow. All the time she clapped hands, bowed to her partner, and skipped right and left to the music of Edna Hauser's accordion, she was worrying about Elsie. Had Elsie sought the part because she was honestly trying to contribute her share to the pageant, or out of vanity and a desire to make friends with a good-looking boy? There was no doubt about the motive that influenced Fritz, she knew, for he had reluctantly tried out at Mr. Foster's request only because there wasn't anybody else competent to play the part, with so many of the older boys away in the armed forces.

"It will be hard work," Fritz had said, "hustling to get my cows milked and deliveries made to the cheese fac-

tory and still have time for rehearsal, but I will manage, since it's such an important civic affair."

The pageant, which had been given annually for thirty years, was an important thing in the life of the village. It drew thousands of spectators from all over the State, and from Chicago and other places as well. The glade in which it was held was a natural amphitheater just outside the village, where Mr. Hefty's cows usually grazed.

The audience sat on one hillside on the steeply sloping ground or on benches placed where it was nearly level. The actors used the other half of the meadow and the opposite hillside which was wooded and filled with screening bushes. There was room enough for thirty men to ride out on horseback and for fifty girls to dance. The setting was magnificent, and the costumes, saved and added to by the Guild from year to year, were magnificent, too.

Best of all, to Hedy's mind, was the resounding poetry of Schiller's drama. From infancy she had been familiar

with its sonorous phrases extolling freedom, and bravery in its defense. She thought herself fortunate to be one of a people who cherished such ideals, and who, in the new, free country to which they had come long ago, remembered their heritage by this annual festival.

Now, even in the depths of her chagrin and jealousy, she thought how much bigger than any of them individually this pageant was. Everyone should unselfishly give his best. She had forgotten that, until this jolt, but she wouldn't forget again. If she was to be only a folk dancer, well, she made up her mind then and there to be a good one! She wouldn't begrudge the part, or the headdress, to Elsie, if only she did her best, too.

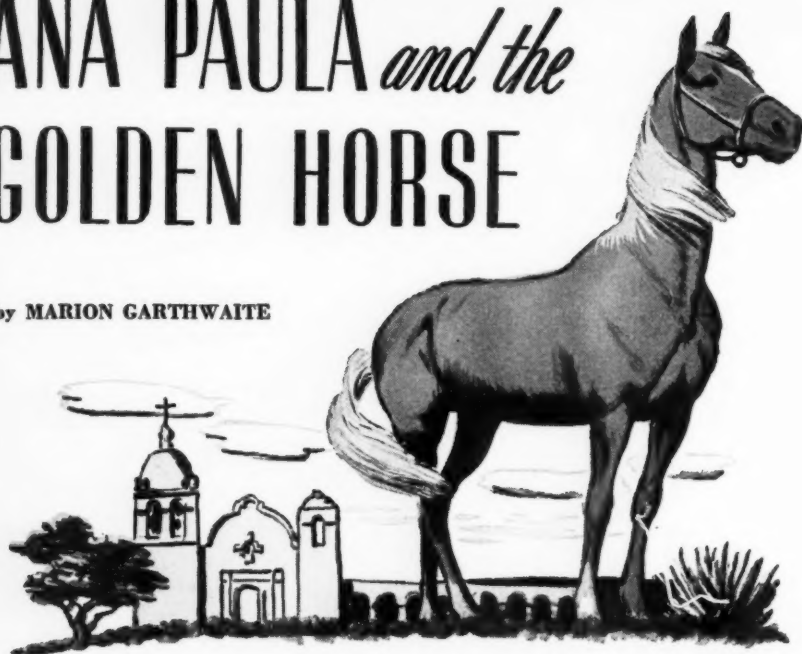
However, to let Elsie usurp Fritz was another matter, not to be yielded without a battle. The odds were in Elsie's favor, and Hedy was in despair when she saw them go off in Fritz's milk truck after rehearsal.

Although the evening was peaceful, with a big moon shining over Hefty's barn, Hedy (Continued on page 51)



# ANA PAULA *and the* GOLDEN HORSE

by MARION GARTHWAITE



Concha was like the women of Spain, but Ana Paula was like the brave new world of early California

**A**SPENT MOON huddled over the rancho Ramiriz in the last dark hour of night. The household in the *casa grande* and the Indians in their mud huts slept secure in the peace that brooded, like the moon, over early California and the Spanish missions strung like beads along her coast.

Before the moon was down, Ana Paula heard the sound of her father's voice singing the *alba*. She jumped out of bed and flung back the heavy shutters that barred her deep window. Then her clear soprano joined in the morning hymn to the Virgin.

*"Ya viene el alba rompiendo  
el día*

*Diganos todos el 'Ave Maria'!"*

*"Here comes the dawn breaking  
into the day*

*Let us all sing 'Hail Mary'!"*

Ana Paula could hear her mother's voice, and the childish treble of her two younger brothers from their wing of the house across the patio. But not a sound came from Concha's room.

"Slug-a-bed!" scoffed Ana Paula, as she closed her shutters to dress.

Not even on this special day, with the Old One arriving from Monterey any minute for the fiesta of the saint for whom Ana Paula was named, would that lazy Concha get up to greet the morning.

Concha was a thorn in Ana Paula's side. She thought her cousin put on airs, with her grown-up, citified ways; her honey-colored hair; and her wardrobe of latest fashions. Concha never let anyone

forget that she was visiting with country cousins—least of all, handsome, young don Roberto Estodillo.

Yet, for all her languid airs, Concha seemed to manage the household servants easily. And along with the household—Ana Paula's eyes grew stormy as she thought of it—Concha had apparently taken over don Roberto. *This* was the thorn that festered.

As Ana Paula pulled a fringed buckskin jacket over her head, she was thinking of Roberto. The laughing young don came frequently to the rancho Ramiriz from his father's hacienda in the Salinas valley. He rode often with Ana Paula and her father, don Felipe. He taught the little boys new tricks of riding and roping at the roundups. Ana Paula had enjoyed his company and taken his friendly ways for granted before Concha came.

Now, instead of accompanying the riders, Roberto loafed about the patio, watching as Concha went prettily about the household tasks with doña Maria.

Ana Paula's ears burned when she remembered her mother's contented sigh, "At last I have a *daughter* in my home."

Ana Paula considered Concha vain and useless. She herself would much rather ride out at dawn with don Felipe to rope cattle than stay at home counting linen. *Daughter, vaya!*

It was high noon before Ana Paula saw the cloud of dust moving across the fields where the sea glistened beyond the rocky point.

"Here they come!" she shouted, racing through the patio.

Concha stood in the door of her room,

her fair hair pinned high on her head with a shell comb, the ruffles of her dress freshly pressed and crisp.

"Let's ride out to meet them!" urged Ana Paula.

Concha made a little face of distaste. "Would it not be better to welcome doña Luisa here at the gate?" she suggested.

Ana Paula ran down to the corral where her brothers were waiting for their saddle horses to be cut out from the herd by the vaqueros. "Ask them to rope one for me, too," shouted Ana Paula.

But as soon as their horses were saddled, the boys were off down the road at a hard gallop. It took Ana Paula some time to rope a horse. By the time she had him saddled, she was disheveled and dusty.

"I should have a horse of my own," she grumbled; "one trained to come when I call."

She brushed her arm across her hot face. Her braids were loosened, but with her horse prancing and rearing, she could not spare a hand to rebraid them. Out the gate and down the road she dashed at a headlong gallop.

She met the travelers rounding the curve where the road turned away from the sea. The Old One was riding in a sedan chair that rocked gently on its heavy leather springs between two jogging donkeys. Ana Paula's brothers were riding ahead, doña Luisa's armed retinue behind.

"Greetings, Godmother," called Ana Paula. "*Amar a Dios!*"

A heavily ringed hand, brown and wrinkled, pushed open the silk curtains; sharp, black eyes peered out, blinking in the sunshine.

Ana Paula was suddenly conscious of her own dusty face, her loosened braids, her long leg, in its fringed legging, draped over the saddle horn.

Her godmother waved wearily and leaned back against the cushions.

Ana Paula's brothers galloped up to her in great excitement.

"Have you seen the palomino?" cried Carlos.

"José is too proud to speak to anyone because he is leading him," added Jaime.

Ana Paula dropped back until she could see the horse José was leading. She drew in her breath in an involuntary gasp of admiration. The animal's golden coat was shining in the sun, his silvery mane and tail blowing in the wind. He was tossing his head, stepping high with pride of breeding. This was an *Ysabella*—a true palomino—the favorite horse of the dons.

Ana Paula's heart began to race with excitement. Could this glorious creature be a present the Old One was bringing to her goddaughter for her name day? Last year her godmother had given Ana Paula pearls from Baja California. Ana Paula knew she would rather have the palomino than anything in the whole, wide world.



Cool and crisp, Concha welcomed them graciously at the gate. The Old One smiled approvingly at her as she climbed out of the sedan chair and groped for her cane.

"Fortunate are the eyes that look upon you, my child," she murmured, as she kissed Concha on both cheeks.

"Greetings, Godmother," answered Concha. "May you walk with God."

Godmother! Ana Paula had forgotten that the Old One was Concha's godmother as well as her own. Could the palomino be for Concha? The blond horse for the blond girl. There was a bitter olive to chew in that bite.

That afternoon the Old One hobbled out to the corrals. She stood watching as the reata in Ana Paula's hands flew in a lazy curve to coil about the pony Carlos was trying to catch.

The Old One shook her head until her thin gold earrings gleamed in the sunlight.

"It is not good for a girl to be like a rough boy!" she reproved. "Roping horses is men's work. You should be assisting your mother, learning to manage a household. Concha is already a young lady, skilled in household arts."

Ana Paula tightened her rope about a post until Carlos could get a bridle over the horse's head. She flicked the rope loose, coiled it, and tossed it to her brother.

"You are right, *Vieja*," she agreed. "But it seems too bad not to throw a rope when it is so easy for me, and so hard for one so small as Carlos. Having no sons for many years, my father taught me to do these things."

She tucked her hand under the Old One's elbow. "No matter how hard I tried," she added, honestly, "I could never be like Concha."

"A pity!" replied the Old One tartly. "Concha has a way with her."

"Paula is the best roper on the ranch, *Vieja*," Carlos defended his sister with pride. "Father says we could not run a roundup or a matanza without her."

But the Old One was not pleased. "It is a disgrace for your father to allow it. Women should cultivate beauty and charm—not buckskin and ropes!"

Nothing was said about the palomino.

The next day was Ana Paula's name day. This time, when the *alba* was sung, Concha's shutters were wide, and her voice joined in the song of praise.

"Good!" grinned Ana Paula. "All the time the Old One is here, our lazy cousin will have to mend her ways."

She pushed (Continued on page 32)

Illustrations by Bill Timmins



Concha greeted the Old One graciously. Ana Paula could only wish she were less a vaquero and more of a woman



T. Edmondson

# Teen-Ager...

Introducing Jill Hampton—  
whose special ambition is to  
visit you in America someday

*Left: Jill's home with its thatched roof, mullioned windows, and quaint air is as charming as a fairy story*

**S**HE LOVES to cook and sew, she is proud of her collection of records; she is an enthusiastic member of the Girl Guides, and she thinks Danny Kaye is "wizard."

Her name is Jill Hampton and she is fifteen years old.

Jill's home is a charming thatched cottage over four hundred years old, with mullioned windows and sloping walls. She lives in Kent, just beyond the outer fringes of London, with her mother and father (who is a master mechanic in an auto factory) and her younger sister. In the back garden, the Hamptons have their own oast house, a sort of big brick oven with pointed chimneys where, in the old days, hops were roasted before they were made into beer. Tourists are always asking to photograph Jill's home, but Jill and her mother sometimes look through the American magazines sent by Jill's pen friend in Kansas and dream wistfully of central heating and—greatest luxury of all—a refrigerator!

Jill has much in common with many American girls her age. She speaks the same language, of course, and you will find, perhaps, that a day in Jill Hampton's life is like yours in many ways.

Jill's day starts at seven, when she fixes "early tea" and takes it to her mother in bed. After that she tidies her room, then feeds the chickens. Almost all rural or suburban families in England keep either chickens or ducks to add variety to their monotonous rationed meals. Her breakfast consists of oatmeal and milk, coffee, toast, margarine, and marmalade.

Jill bicycles four miles to a big grammar school where she is studying for her school certificate (the equivalent of graduation from high school for you).

Although her school is the nearest to an American public school that England

has, there are several things you would find different. In the first place, it is for girls only!

There are far fewer co-educational schools in Great Britain than in the United States. The boys have a separate school next door, and except for a "social" at Christmastime, there is no official mixing.

"But," says Jill with a twinkle, "it's only polite to be nice to your neighbor, isn't it?"

However, there is no carrying home of girls' books, no school dances, no meeting at the drugstore after school, no wearing of class rings and fraternity pins.

The school day begins at nine with prayers (which are interdenominational), usually a hymn, and a chapter from the Bible.

Jill is taking English, French, math, history, Latin, biology, geography, and

scripture (always included), and she usually plans on two and a half to three hours of "prep" (homework) every evening. Of course, when her school certificate exam approaches, Jill gets out of doing her share of the housework because, "I've got masses of prep, Mummiel!" At midmorning there is a "break" for a third of a pint of milk supplied free. Usually Jill bicycles home for lunch. The ride takes about fifteen minutes as the countryside is flat and there is not much traffic. Lunch is cold meat pie or a big bowl of vegetable soup and perhaps a dish of cold sliced beets in vinegar for salad. Dessert may be a fruit drop or two, or a chocolate from the family's supply of strictly rationed "sweets." Occasionally Jill takes her lunch to school. Some English schools have cafeterias, but Jill's does not.

Sometimes she stays after school for

**Bicycling and hiking over the English countryside with a knapsack on her back is an activity Jill takes part in with her Girl Guide friends**



# British Style

by JOY DEWEESE-WEHEN

**Right:** Smiles are wide at meals despite the strict food ration. The Hamptons grow their own vegetables



Central Office of Information, London



**Above:** Tourists very often stop to take pictures of the oast house shown here

**Below:** Jill hurries to school with one of her friends. All the girls wear uniforms



extra sports. Tennis and hockey are Jill's favorites, and she has the best backhand drive in the school. This year she has rehearsals of the drama club which is doing "Hamlet." Jill is helping with the costumes as well as playing Ophelia.

Even though the grammar school is run by the state, the girls wear a uniform—tailored white shirt, serge skirt, and school ties in winter; checked gingham dress for summer. Jill is very proud of her dress because she made it in sewing classes at school and it is beautifully finished. She launders it herself and, since it is sturdy Lancashire cotton, it lasts three or four years. Winter and summer she wears a blazer (she wouldn't know what you meant if you called it a jacket) and a beret in her school color, royal purple. Her school monogram in white appears on both blazer and beret.

Make-up is not allowed in school. Jill uses only a touch of lipstick and powder for special occasions. She never wears nail polish or perfume, and even for best her shoes have Cuban heels. Out of school Jill likes tailored suits, and she hates hats and "fuss and feathers." She has a rayon print dress for summer-afternoon parties, and a dark-blue velveteen dirndl dress with a beautiful collar of Limerick lace, which once belonged to her mother, for evening events in winter, like the Christmas party at the Rectory. Her only jewelry is her great-grandmother's "friendship" ring: a narrow band of stones spelling "REGARDS" with a tiny ruby, emerald, garnet, amethyst, ruby, diamond, and sapphire.

Jill is very interested in the American system of student government.

"We have nothing like that," she says. "The best all-around girl in the Upper Sixth (twelfth grade or senior) is made Head Girl, and about a half-dozen others are Prefects. They are chosen by the

headmistress for character, responsibility, scholarship, and popularity with the other girls. They are usually students who have been at the school the longest time, too, which is only fair as a newer girl might not know all the traditions and rules she has to deal with. They help the staff keep order, and in small matters with the younger girls, their decision is final. But the real government of the school, laws and punishments and such, is in the hands of the headmistress and staff (the principal and faculty).

Classes are over at four in the afternoon. When Jill gets home, she has tea—terribly strong—with a slice of bread and margarine, and perhaps a bit of fruitcake her mother made. There is so little butter on the ration that Jill has grown up with "marg," as she calls it, and likes it better. Then she either works in the garden for an hour or helps her mother with the housework before getting down to her studies. She studies for about two and a half hours, until dinner, which is at seven thirty. Often the main dish is fish, with cabbage and fried potatoes (which Jill calls "chips." Your picnic potato chips she calls "crisps"! ). Perhaps there is semolina pudding for dessert. (You have semolina, unsweetened, for breakfast, and call it cream of wheat.) The Hamptons save their meat ration for a "joint" of beef or mutton on Sunday. With luck, there is a bit left over to make a shepherd's pie on Monday, but all the rest of the week they must have something beside meat for their main course. Nearly all their desserts—pies, stewed fruit, milk puddings—are served with a custard sauce made from a packaged powder.

"Sometimes I think we'll drown in custard sauce!" says Jill.

The vegetables (Continued on page 57)



Double

Date



Christmas Eve, Gran and Mother watched Pam and Penny trim the Howard tree

THE STORY SO FAR: *The Howard twins, Penny and Pam, looked exactly alike but gay, lively Pam was socially adept and popular, while Penny was serious and shy. When they moved to Glenhurst, where their youthful, attractive mother was opening an interior decorating shop, Pam immediately made friends with Randy Kirkpatrick and Mike Bradley, the most popular boys in school. Penny, yearning to be as poised and at ease as Pam was, found herself hoping that Pam would prefer Randy because she, herself, was attracted to Mike and she knew she could never compete with Pam for a boy's interest. Then for the first time Penny went ahead on her own, joined the staff of the school paper and found that Mike was the editor. Pam, unprepared for a trig test, persuaded Penny to take it in her place. Mike helped Penny out of the embarrassing situation which the masquerade might have caused. Gradually Penny became an individual to him—not just Pam's sister—though he was still completely fascinated by Pam.*

#### PART FOUR

DECEMBER was a magic month, filled with rush and bustle for all the Howards. Already Mother was knee-deep in preliminary plans for doing over the downstairs rooms in the Kirkpatrick's home. She and Ellen Kirkpatrick had frequent conferences, some of which were held at the Kirkpatrick's, some at Howard House. Ellen was enthusiastic over Mother's ideas, and the two women became very friendly. At the Kirkpatrick's Mother also met Randy's father, Dolph Kirkpatrick, and Ellen's brother, Paul Gerard, a newspaper correspondent who was visiting them.

Pam and Penny didn't give too much thought to Mother's job, other than to be glad it was working out so well. They were both busy with the rush of school work immediately preceding the Christmas vacation period. Evenings there were countless things to do—skating parties on the frozen lake, club activities, movies, and dancing parties. Neither of them saw much of Mike Bradley during this time, except at school. Mike had a part-time job at a McKee's Store and, since McKee's stayed open every evening except Wednesdays during the pre-holiday rush, Mike had little time for dates.

The Headlines Club sponsored a sleigh ride for its members one Wednesday night, with food and square dancing afterward in the school gym. Penny, Maggie Wright, Bob, and Mike gravitated into a casual sort of foursome. The night was cold, but clear and starry. Everyone was bundled to the eyebrows and scarcely felt the nip of the wind as they all snuggled down companionably into the roomy, straw-filled sleigh, their voices ringing out to the rhythmical

accompaniment of the sleigh bells. Feeling Mike's shoulder firm against hers as they lurched around a corner, Penny knew a wonderful kind of elation. She sighed, a very small sigh of sheer pleasure.

"Cold?" Mike asked.

Penny was going to say, "No," but she changed it to, "Not very," as Mike's arm went around her.

He was just keeping her warm, she reminded her leaping heart sternly. He'd have done the same for any girl he happened to be sitting next to. Penny didn't suppose there was a boy in the whole sleigh who didn't have his arm around someone. Yet she scarcely moved, close beside Mike, feeling warmth creep through her and wishing the ride could last forever.

It didn't, of course. But back at Glen High there were gaily decorated tables in the gym, stacked with sandwiches and doughnuts and quantities of hot punch. The crowd gathered around them hungrily, and the food melted away. Then there was square dancing, the caller's voice, gay and devil-may-care, shouting "Swing your partner!" and "Do-si-do!"

Penny had never had as much fun at a dance as she did that night at the Headlines' party. She tried to analyze her pleasure and realized that this time she wasn't worrying about her popularity, as she had on other occasions. She wasn't scanning each boy's face anxiously, with a desperate hope burning within her that he might be going to ask her to dance. She was infinitely more relaxed and easy than she had ever been at a party before. The crowd about her were friends, she liked them and they liked her. What was there to worry about and get into a dither over?

"The next one is a Virginia reel," Mike's voice said in her ear. "I reel like nobody's business. How about it, Penny?"

She nodded, smiling. "Okay, Mike."

Moving through the intricacies of the dance, with Mike's hand on hers, Penny's smile was so vivid and her eyes so bright that Mike was startled by her complete resemblance to Pam. Just then it would have been almost impossible, even for anyone who knew them as well as he did, to tell them apart.

Pam had had a date with Randy that night, but she got in soon after Penny did. Penny hadn't made a move to get undressed. She was sitting on the edge of her bed, her feet thrust out before her, a little reminiscent smile curving her mouth.

She said, "Pam, it was a wonderful party!"

"Good," Pam returned agreeably. "Randy and I had fun, too. After the movies he took me out to the country club for something to eat. I love it there!"

Penny listened to Pam with only half an ear. The memory of Mike's arm, firm and hard around her in the sleigh, made a warm glow in her heart. Tonight he

hadn't seemed to mind that she wasn't Pam. In fact, he had scarcely seemed to notice. And he had brought her home, despite the fact that Bob Purcell wouldn't have had to go a step out of his way to do so. If Mike had realized that, he hadn't mentioned it. Neither, thank goodness, had Bob, who had seemed to be enjoying himself thoroughly, in his own sardonic way, in Maggie's company.

"Hey!" Pam's hand on Penny's shoulder snapped her back to the present. "I don't believe you've heard a word I said."

"I did, too," Penny assured her. "You went to the movies and afterward Randy took you to the country club."

"I knew you weren't listening!" There was a trace of exasperation in Pam's manner. "Penny, this could be serious. I've been telling you about Randy's uncle. He was at the club with Randy's parents." She went on, lowering her tone confidentially, "Mother didn't tell us he was one of the most attractive men you ever saw. Older men, that is. He's sort of a combination of Ronald Colman and Gregory Peck. Very suave and debonaire. And all Mother said was that he was a foreign correspondent! Can you imagine?"

"Well, but—isn't he?" Penny asked doubtfully.

Pam's glance was withering. "The thing is, he kept asking me questions about Mother. There was no detail too small to interest him. I think," she finished ominously, "he's falling in love with her."

"You're—imagining things," Penny objected.

"I don't think so." Pam shook her head. "I have a feeling here," she laid one hand dramatically over her heart, "and, honestly, he's so perfectly fascinating, I don't see how any woman could resist him."

"Even Mother?" Penny asked anxiously.

"Any woman," Pam said, "might be tempted by the thought of marrying him."

"Marrying?" Penny repeated, staring at Pam. "Aren't you rushing things a little?"

"Well, it's a possibility," Pam pointed out. "There's no use burying our heads in the sand."

"No, but—" Penny began, when the door of their room swung open and Mrs. Howard stood there on the threshold in her coral flannel robe, her hair tousled and her eyes sleepy-looking.

"It's pretty late," she kept her voice low so as not to disturb Gran, "for such a long-drawn-out conversation."

"We didn't mean to wake you," Pam told her, while Penny felt warm, embarrassed color creep across her face.

"Did you both have fun?" Mrs. Howard struggled with a yawn.

"Oh, yes," Penny said dreamily.

Pam's voice was more prosaic. "Randy and I ran into his uncle out at the country club."

"Did you?" (Continued on page 46)



# World-mindedness

by MARIE E. GAUDETTE

Drawings by Irv Koons

NATIONAL defense is not a one-man job. It is a job that needs the thinking and action of everyone in the nation—young and old. Now, ordinarily we think of national defense as a defense against physical forces. But in its broadest sense it is also a defense against unethical forces—the unkind word, the unsympathetic attitude, the thoughtless deed. Such forces divide groups of people whether these groups are made up of members of families, races, or creeds.

Doing our best to cement the brotherhood of mankind is one of the most important contributions we can make to our defense effort. This means that everyone needs to live an alert, active life. But before we can begin this active life we have to clear our own individual decks of untruths, misconceptions, and prejudices that will interfere with our action.

Our first job is to get busy learning how to understand and get along with other people. How do we start? We start by asking ourselves a few questions, such as these: Do I make fun of other people's religious beliefs? Am I jealous of other people's possessions? Do I use thoughtless, cruel expressions such as "dago," "nigger," "chink"? Do I make fun of other people's accents? Do I say that all people of any one group are any one thing, such as stingy, dishonest, stubborn? Though, on the surface, these things may seem small, actually they stand in the way of greater understanding among people.

Why not examine what we do in our families? After all, if we can't get along with our own families we are not going

to be very capable of getting along elsewhere. To be a good member of a family we should not only be helpful when asked, but be helpful *without* being asked. Healthier, happier relationships are built through unselfishness, courtesy, controlled tempers, and consideration of the wishes of others. We need to practice these on a smaller scale before we can tackle broader responsibilities. Practice in your family. It's a fine place!

After we have cleared our own decks and tried our wings of understanding in our own families, we should be ready to see what we can do in the community in which we live. Who is at fault if the members of a community are not friendly to each other? Everyone is a little at fault. Your own common sense will tell you that if people are not friendly they cannot work together successfully.

In many communities there are groups of people working on some phase of national defense. Do you know who is doing what? Have you looked around to see where you fit in? Many times defense groups made up of men and women are so busy that they forget the fine things that young people can do to help.

For instance, in one community a little girl of eight was interested in the humane treatment of animals. She, all by herself (and it was her own idea) presented herself at the animal shelter and asked if there were something she could do. The manager of the shelter and his wife were taken back by this offer from so small a person. But they were not going to let her down, so they said they could find something for her to do every Satur-

day morning. The little girl has been faithful for a year. She puts fresh water in all the animal saucers and gives the animals their noonday meal. This activity has not only been satisfying to the eight-year-old but has stimulated membership in the local humane society. Sometimes the interest of the young do stimulate older people to take their own responsibilities more seriously.

Ask your mother and father, your teacher and your religious adviser to



help you find where you are most needed.

Just as you and you and I have a job to do in the home and in the community, so do we have a part to play at the national level. We often use the expression "my country." The word "my" is a possessive pronoun, which we use in combination with many other words; for example: my dress, my book, my friend. It is generally understood that we take care of a thing that belongs to us. "My country" is not some great figure that stands over us with a stick and tells us what to do. Rather "my country" is just a simple way of referring to a certain part of a continent with people, trees, flowers, birds, mountains, and lakes, whose future is in the hands of every person living in it. Your nation and mine, the United States of America, can move forward only as fast as communities move forward; and community progress depends on you and me.

Here is how a group of girls in a certain town made a contribution to "our" country. The girls were concerned because many people were not taking advantage of the fact that voting is part of







the heritage of our country. They got together and talked over the things that might keep people from the polls on election day. They decided that some women did not go because they could not leave small children at home alone. Because the girls felt that what happened in the nation was their responsibility as well as that of adults, they offered to baby-sit (without pay, of course) during voting hours. They also set up nursery groups near the polls so mothers could leave their children there while they voted. The fact that these girls, unable to vote themselves, thought voting was important, brought many people out to exercise one of their most precious freedoms.

Those of us who live in the United States of America have a greater opportunity than any other people of the world to become world-minded and to promote international friendship. The reason is that people from many other countries live here as citizens of the United States. We do not need to take a trip around the world to learn about people of other lands. It might well be that right on our own street we can learn the customs and history of a few other countries.

In a certain town—and it's a small one—a group of girls whose aim was to better understand the peoples of the world, got together and called themselves "The World Travelers." But they did their world traveling right at home. They learned some of the customs, dances,

names, recipes, history, and art of eleven different countries from the people in their own town! They started three years ago, and they are still working on this project. One of the girls has become proficient enough in the writing of Chinese characters to send small messages to a Chinese friend in another State.

Wherever we live, we meet and work with people whose grandparents or parents came from a country different from the one from which our ancestors came.

Here are a few questions we can ask ourselves on this subject of international friendship: Do I believe there is good in every person and nation? Do I believe the people in the United States of America can learn help-

ful things from citizens from other nations? Do I go out of my way to learn about other countries? And (if you are a Girl Scout) do I wear my World Pin as well as my Girl Scout pin and understand what they both mean? Do I contribute regularly to the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund? An open mind and an open heart can lead to understanding of others on a world scale!

It is always a pleasure to feel that one has friends in other countries. Here is how to make friends in other lands.

1. Find a person to correspond with. Ask your teacher for a reliable source for supplying pen pals for you. Girl Scouts can do this by requesting a pen pal through the International Post Box, Girl Scouts of the U. S. A., 155 East 44 Street,

New York 17, New York, or by being a member of an International Troop.

2. Send something abroad that is needed. Put your name and address on the package or inside the package. The Girl Scouts have several projects going that provide many needed items for friends across the seas. Our churches, synagogues, and service clubs in the community have similar projects.

This month we observe Brotherhood Week—February 17-24. It's a good time to begin the important task of training ourselves to be world-minded. We have to start with ourselves and work out. We have to defend our country not only from the atomic bomb, but from the evil ignorance that sets person against person, family against family, creed against creed, and race against race. THE END





The Mount Vernon Mansion as it looked when it was purchased by the Mount Vernon Ladies Association

## "...in sacred trust for the nation..."

by MYRTIE LILLIAN BARKER

George Washington's home grew more desolate each year until Ann Pamela decided to do something about it



Today as many as fifteen thousand people visit completely restored Mount Vernon in a single day

IT WAS THE winter of 1853. Ann Pamela Cunningham, holding her mother's letter in a trembling hand, pulled herself up higher on the pillows of her couch. The puff of fiery-red hair which framed her face looked as red as a cardinal's wing against the whiteness of the pillow slip. The slim contours of her body which lay beneath the comforter were the lines of a teen-age girl, instead of a woman in her thirties, for illness and a life sheltered from the rigors of the world had kept the look of maturity from Ann Pamela. But her bright, blue eyes flew from one sentence of the letter to another—the letter that described her mother's journey from Philadelphia to their home in South Carolina.

"It was a lovely moonlight night that we went down the Potomac," Ann's mother wrote. "I went on deck as the bell tolled and we passed Mount Vernon. I was painfully distressed at the ruin and desolation of the home of Washington, and the thought passed through my mind: why was it that the women of this country did not try to keep it in repair, if the men could not do it? It does seem such a blot on our country!"

Ann closed her eyes. If only there were some way she could help. The possibility of doing anything at all seemed remote. First of all, since the day she had been thrown from her horse, she had been an invalid. Right at this moment she was here, in Philadelphia, in the hope that the famous Dr. Hodge might find some way to treat her injured spine. Second, ill or well, what could one woman alone do?

Many times Ann Pamela and her mother had discussed the sad fact that Mount Vernon was gradually falling into decay. George Washington had left the beautiful plantation to his wife, Martha. At Martha's death, it had become the property of Washington's nephew, Bushrod Washington. Bushrod bequeathed the home to his nephew, and so on, until at last John Augustine Washington came to reside at Mount Vernon. Prosperity had not kept pace with pride, and the beauty of the estate dimmed with each passing year. The father of John Augustine, appreciative of the sacredness of the home and tomb of the "Father of Our Country," provided in his will that the property could become a United States' shrine if Congress displayed a desire to purchase it.

"But Congress is not interested, Ann," Mrs. Cunningham had said. "The papers say Mount Vernon has become shabby. The lawn is overgrown with weeds, and the house is tumbling down. Travelers are tearing away mementos to take home with them, and young boys are crying out: 'Walking sticks from the trees that Washington planted!'"

Lying on her couch day in and day out, Ann Pamela's thoughts centered constantly on her problem.

She confessed her ambition to find some solution to Miss Virginia Campbell, a young friend who came to visit her each day. One morning Virginia was greeted by a very enthusiastic Ann Pamela who said, "Listen, Virginia, to what I have written. I am going to send it to the 'Charleston Mercury'!" In a voice unusually excited Ann read:

"To the Ladies of the South! . . . Can you stand with closed souls and purses, while the world cries 'shame!' on America—suffer Mount Vernon, with all its sacred association, to become as is spoken of, and is probable, the seat of manufacturers and manufactories? . . . It is known to you that Congress has virtually declined to purchase Mount Vernon in behalf of the nation. Yet there is now a necessity for immediate action, as schemes are on foot for its purchase and its devotion to money-making purposes. It is, therefore, respectfully and earnestly suggested to you . . . that the ladies, by general contribution, each a mite, furnish the amount sufficient for the purchase of Mount Vernon; that the property be conveyed to the President of the United States and to the Governor of Virginia to be preserved and improved in your name as a hallowed resort for all people; that, for its continued preservation and improvement, a trifle be charged each visitor; and that your contributions to effect these noble ends may be gathered in to the Governors of your States (Continued on page 35)

PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH BAXTER  
DRAWINGS BY HILDA GLASGOW  
GLOVES BY WEAR RIGHT

*Imagination is the keynote to our February "Prize Purchase."*

*Derby's exciting "Round Robin" suit includes a jacket and flared skirt of solid rayon sheen gabardine, an all-around pleated skirt of checked rayon suiting, and a reversible weskit. All, plus a matching hat, for just under \$30! We show three of the ten ways to wear it; it's fun to figure out the rest. Subteen sizes 8-14 at the stores on page 58*







Short checked jacket of Scher & Feldman's all-wool suit doubles as a topper. Solid flared skirt has panel detail to match jacket. About \$30 in subteen sizes 10-14, at Saks 34th Street, New York City. Hat by Cinderella



Jerry's fitted suit of wool flannel has a checked taffeta lining, detachable collar, flared skirt, rhinestone trim. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$35 at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Hengerer's, Buffalo; Best & Co., New York City. Hat by Richard Englander

Fitted suit by Dubrowsky & Joseph has a classic double-button jacket with braid-edged collar and cuffs. About \$35 in subteen sizes 8-14 at Arnold Constable, New York City; G. Fox, Hartford; Halle Bros., Cleveland. Hat by Capulets

*Suits are really something to shout about this spring! Skirts are flared, with graceful flowing lines; jackets have arched hips that give a longed-for "little middle." Dainty accessories point up the feminine look*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH M. BAXTER

GLOVES BY WEAR RIGHT

BAGS BY BELMO

JEWELRY BY CORO

\*Please add 20% Federal tax



Florsheim's blouse of Sanforized cotton has a pert collar, a grosgrain tie. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$3. Youthmode's bag and belt of genuine leather has heavy heraldic emblems. Belt attaches to bag to form a shoulder strap. About \$5\*. Both at Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, and the Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.



Back-button blouse of embossed cotton piqué has triple tucks at yoke. The spread collar, cuffs, and tab trim are bird's-eye piqué. In teen sizes 10-16, it's about \$4 at Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati

## Accent the Flare.... in Suits

Barbara's rayon sharkskin suit has a fitted jacket with solid piping and buttons on a diagonal slant. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$25; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. Hat by Debway

Bracelet-sleeved batiste blouse by Joan Louise is closed with jet buttons. Subteen and teen sizes 8-16, about \$4. Gimbel's, New York City. Vogue's capeskin belt, about \$4. Jay Thorpe, New York City





Rosemont's fitted flannel coat has a narrow panel closing; a braid-edged collar. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$45 at Filene's, Boston; Horne's, Pittsburgh; and Bloomingdale's, New York City. Hat by Betty Ann



Capulet's grosgrain-trimmed sailor with tie veil, about \$6. Natural bamboo box bag by Pyramid, about \$3. Wear Right's brushed nylon shortie is about \$2.50. All may be ordered from Rich's, Atlanta

## .... in Fitted Coats

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH M. BAXTER

*Lined with taffeta or touched with velveteen—  
these fitted coats with full,  
sweeping skirts look and feel elegant*



Barbara uses touches of velveteen on a button-front fitted coat of basket-weave wool. Mandarin neck converts to high-notched collar. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$35 at Hudson's, Detroit, Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. The hat by R. Englander

Richard Englander combines solid-navy taffeta with checks in a boy cap with tiny visor and side bows. Sizes 21-22, about \$5. Navy cotton gloves have matching checked cuffs, about \$3. Both are available at The White House, San Francisco







**W**HEN we asked for recipes for waffles and pancakes "glamorized," we had no idea how much glamour our reader-cooks could add to these favorite stand-bys! An amazing variety of excellent recipes were received, and we found it hard to choose from among them. Most pancake and waffle batters are rich in eggs, and for this reason they make fine desserts, served with a sauce, or whipped cream or ice cream.

The secret of making light, tender, and crisp waffles and pancakes is not to over-mix. They are best when served "hot off the griddle," but that is a little hard on the cook. So here's a tip: if you stack them on a wooden board, in a warm oven, they will stay crisp longer than if stacked on a china plate. Most batters can be prepared in advance and kept in the refrigerator, although this will cause some loss of leavening. If egg whites are beaten and folded in separately, this should not be done until just before baking.

The griddle or waffle iron should be preheated until quite hot. Most waffle irons have a gauge that indicates the correct baking temperature, but if yours doesn't, use this simple test, which works equally well for a griddle. Lightly sprinkle a few drops of cold water on the hot iron or griddle. If the drops form into tiny balls that dance over the surface, the temperature is right. Waffles require about five minutes baking time, but do not lift the lid until steam is no longer escaping. Pancakes should be turned only once. As soon as the top is covered with little bubbles and the edges look dry, the cake is ready to be turned. Add these few simple rules to your cooking know-how, and have fun trying these "glamour" recipes!

For the May Recipe Exchange we are calling for Poultry recipes. Let us have your favorite recipe for serving chicken, turkey, duck, goose, and such. Or, if you have a special recipe for serving pheasant, partridge, or similar wild game, send it along. We pay \$1.00 for every recipe printed in the magazine. See page 41 for details.

## WAFFLES AND PANCAKES, GLAMORIZED

by JUDITH MILLER

### DATE WAFFLES WITH LEMON SAUCE

These delicate waffles deserve a special place in your recipe collection. Rich and lavish, they're fine for showing off your culinary skill.

- |                           |                                 |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 2 cups flour              | 1 cup chopped dates             |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | 3 eggs                          |
| 1 teaspoon salt           | 1½ cups milk                    |
| ¼ cup brown sugar         | 6 tablespoons melted shortening |

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Combine brown sugar and dates; mix lightly, and add to flour mixture. Combine beaten eggs, milk, and melted shortening, and add to dry mixture, stirring only until batter is smooth. Bake in hot waffle iron. Serve with Lemon Sauce. Makes 6 waffles.

### Lemon Sauce

- |                         |                                   |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1½ cups sugar           | 2 tablespoons butter or margarine |
| 1 tablespoon cornstarch | 3 tablespoons lemon juice         |
| ½ teaspoon salt         | 1 tablespoon lemon rind           |
| 1 cup hot water         |                                   |

Combine sugar, cornstarch, and salt in saucepan. Stir in hot water slowly and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Add butter, lemon juice and rind. Serve hot. Makes about 1½ cups.

Sent by JEANNE JAMISON,  
San Francisco, California

### OATMEAL PANCAKES

For a really hearty breakfast, serve these pancakes with crisp bacon or sausages.

- |                          |   |
|--------------------------|---|
| 2 cups uncooked oatmeal  | 1 tablespoon sugar                        |
| 2½ cups sour milk        | 1 teaspoon soda                           |
| 1½ cups flour            | 2 tablespoons hot water                   |
| 1 teaspoon salt          | 2 tablespoons melted butter or shortening |
| 1 teaspoon baking powder | 2 eggs                                    |

Soak oatmeal in sour milk several hours, or overnight. Sift together flour, salt, baking powder, and sugar, and add to oatmeal mixture. Next add soda which

has been dissolved in hot water. Add melted butter and slightly beaten eggs, and beat thoroughly. Bake on a lightly greased, hot griddle. (If butter is increased to 4 tablespoons, it will not be necessary to grease the griddle.)

Sent by MARY LEE LONDON,  
Leon, Iowa

### CORN-MEAL WAFFLES

This recipe was originated by Barbara's mother. The waffles can be served plain, or with melted butter and hot syrup or honey. If, after you've tried this recipe, you find you prefer a crisper waffle, increase the milk to 1½ cups.

- |                           |                                 |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 cup biscuit mix         | ½ teaspoon salt                 |
| 1 cup yellow corn meal    | 2 eggs                          |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | 2 tablespoons melted shortening |
| ½ teaspoon cocoa          | 1 cup milk                      |
| ½ cup chopped walnuts     |                                 |

Combine dry ingredients thoroughly. Combine beaten eggs, milk, and shortening and add to dry mixture, stirring only until dry mixture is moistened. Fold in nut meats. Bake in hot waffle iron. Makes about 6 large waffles.

Sent by BARBARA JANE BLAIR,  
Pueente, California

### BLUEBERRY PANCAKES

Here is a good recipe to have on tap the year round. Use fresh or frozen berries, well drained and dry. Or canned berries may be used, if they are well drained.

- |                        |                                      |
|------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1½ cups flour          | 1½ cups sour milk                    |
| ½ teaspoon salt        | 3 tablespoons melted shortening      |
| ½ teaspoon baking soda | 1½ cups blueberries or huckleberries |
| 1 teaspoon sugar       |                                      |
| 1 egg                  |                                      |

Sift together dry ingredients. Beat egg; add sour milk and shortening. Add liquid mixture gradually to dry ingredients, stirring only enough to blend. Fold in berries. Drop batter by spoonfuls on hot, greased griddle. Serve hot, with maple syrup. Makes about 24 small pancakes.

Sent by PATRICIA ANNE REUTER,  
New Egypt, New Jersey  
(Continued on page 40)



## Regret

First Fiction Award

I heard it over the ten o'clock news. "Miss Irene Creighton passed away at her home this afternoon. She had been suffering from cancer. Well-known in music circles, Miss Creighton had been teaching at Roosevelt School for sixteen years."

I remember now—I wanted to laugh, I wanted to laugh hysterically. And then I was stunned. I guess I sat there for about fifteen minutes just dumbly staring at the wall. And then I began to think. I thought about the time we had rigged up the gag of the boys singing, "Irene, Good-by," and thinking it was so funny. She had come out of school at four o'clock, and they had been there behind the door, singing and then had laughed. And she had just turned her head away and driven off in her car. I remember now. She looked sort of mad.

And the time we had all dropped our pencils at two o'clock. It had really made a racket and the superintendent had been there that day. She had looked embarrassed and confused for a minute and then gone down and gotten the principal to talk to us. Oh, but we didn't mind the lecture. Her confusion—she had looked so silly—and we had laughed about it later.

Cancer! They said you could have it for years and never know. Old Creighton, everybody called her. Cranky Creighton. Nobody liked her. She had been mean and cranky and cross. Cancer! You never knew and then it had you.

I wondered if she had any friends. If there would be anyone at her funeral. We kids ought to go to her funeral. But no—going to cranky Creighton's funeral. That was a laugh when we had all hated her. But she had cancer! Maybe she had had it all this time. Maybe that's why she was so cross.

I remember the time we had gotten up a little petition for her to move away and mailed it in her apartment-house hall. I remember how even the other teachers hadn't seemed to like her. How lots of times she had sat by herself in the cafeteria at noon. Gee, though, they said cancer was so painful. Maybe she had had lots of pain and that had made her so cross. I remembered how cross I had been when I had my toothache.

We might have been a little nicer to her. Maybe lots of those things we had done and she had seemed not to notice had really hurt her. She had really been a good teacher. Yes, she had taught us a lot. Gosh, we'd been mean, but I'd make it up to her. Yes, I'd be real nice this year—and then I remembered. She wouldn't be there this year. I'd never have another chance. She was dead.

MARY QUINN (age 14) Wichita, Kansas

Here is your own department in the magazine. Watch for the announcements each month and send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, and drawings. Turn to page 39 for details



First Art Award

MAY I. SMITH (age 15) Wallingford, Connecticut

## Sounds of the Night

First Nonfiction Award

By the time seven-year-old Scotty had at last reached a hundred, I had wedged myself into a sitting position between the house and a lilac bush. For about the third time I asked myself how I could have been untactful enough to have promised the little brats with whom I was baby-sitting a game of hide-and-seek before I put them to bed.

But deciding to make the best of it, and the heat of the July night, I leaned back against the side of the house and shut my eyes to relax. I made a mental note of Scotty's footsteps going around the other side of the house and began to listen to the sounds around me.

A katydid kept getting louder and louder as though to outdo the hoarse sounds of the frogs in the swamp on the vacant lot. I heard the sound of a train in the distance and listened to the Greens' fuzzy shepherd puppy crying because he'd just been separated from his mother. I could hear the Burnetts' television set playing one of the popular tunes, and I smiled as I tried to figure out whose baby was crying himself to sleep.

I listened to the birds that hadn't already gone to bed and wondered who was in the car that tooted its horn at the Stivers' yellow tomcat. I noticed that the pecking on the Greens' typewriter hadn't stopped and made a guess that Mrs. Green was still working on the speech she was to deliver to the Women's Club. I returned my attention to the katydid and found that it had been joined by a number of others. The crickets had made themselves known too, and the night seemed to have stilled, with everything and everybody going about their different ways in a contented fashion.

Yes, these are the sounds of night. But, not just any night anywhere; no, these are the sounds only of an American night.

Then suddenly I was listening to the

sounds of a night, a night just like any other night, but this time it wasn't an American night. I was in Korea standing just outside the door of a small hut, listening just like I'd listened hiding behind the lilac bush. Few crickets were audible, and the only dog crying was a filthy thing with his ribs wearing through the sides of his stomach. I couldn't hear any trains or cars, only the stream of jeeps and tanks that were passing along a dirt road not far away. The baby I could hear crying wasn't crying just because he'd been put to bed, but because he got no more than a limit of milk. There wasn't any music drifting through the air except that of a lonesome soldier quietly strumming on a guitar. Then the night quieted and grew as still as any night could, that held the remains of a chow line in an Army camp not far away, airplanes overhead, and tired, hungry, and overworked Korean farmers busily preparing for bed.

The sound of Scotty's voice brought me back to reality and as I prepared to give myself up, a thankfulness went through me and I felt as though I owed something to God for my America.

BETTY DOAK (age 13) Anchorage, Kentucky

## White Star and the Tide

Fiction Award

"White Star" was a dog. He belonged to an Indian named "Wantugie." Wantugie was a tribe member of a band in Florida. One day Wantugie went hunting, but he did not take White Star. White Star just laid around the teepees whining and growling, until he found that it would do no good. Then he hopped up and went to find his master.

White Star was a mighty dog, and to travel far meant nothing to him. He traveled southward, and the North Wind blew upon him. Though he had been in the center of Florida, it took him only a few minutes to reach the

southern coast. He was a dog, such as there are no dogs today.

When he reached the beach, he was so disappointed that he had not found Wantugie, he became very angry. He looked up at the sky. There was the great form of the North Wind silhouetted in the sky. The enraged dog leaped at her form, biting her icy foot, drawing blood. That is why, even today, when the North Wind blows, the sky is sometimes streaked with red. The North Wind was so pained, she blew and blew. And her enemy, the South Wind felt the gale and started a warm storm. Then happened the most terrifying events of all times. The earth shook! Both great winds blew at once! It was war! And the mighty dog watched. The East and West Winds hovered on the sidelines, watching. The whole world was watching. And poor White Star was in the middle of all that fury. One minute he was cold, and the next he was burning with heat. The North Wind blew until hail, snow, and rain fell at at once. The South Wind blew heat, terrible heat.

The ocean was rippled in great waves. The wind had blown them there and the mighty winds blew the water out of shape and form.

White Star's feet were frozen and he could not leave. But his head was warm and he couldn't die. He was miserable. The ocean by now was frozen in great waves, but the ice was hot!

And finally White Star slept. When he awoke, all was calm again. The war had been useless, for none had won. The sun was blacked out and the stars twinkled. Nothing seemed to have changed except now great waves came upon the shore and then would back away. And to this very day the waves still crash to shore and then back away. Men call it the "tide."

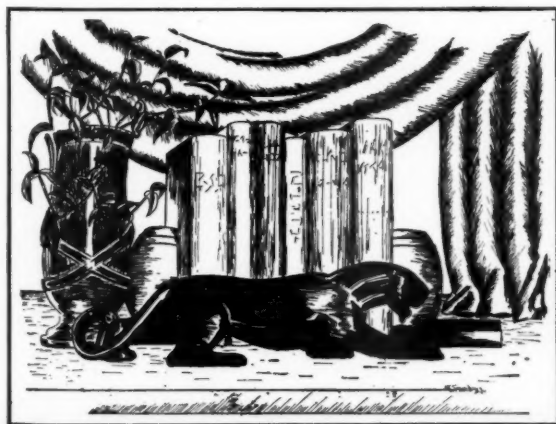
And there on the seashore White Star died. The waves swept away his body, but now, his spirit roams through the sky like a great white star. One of the billions we see. Look closely some dark night and perhaps you will recognize him, too.

JOYCE WORKEY (age 12) Poplar Bluff, Missouri

### My New Zealand Home

Nonfiction Award

I live in the country, far away from the rattle of buses and trams of noisy cities. My days are spent in the open with my stock pony, "Rocky," and faithful little collie dogs "Darkie" and "Kim."



Art Award

WILMA SPAINHOUR (age 17) Canton, Illinois



Art Award

LORRAINE FOX (age 16)  
So. Gate, California

I love to hear the north wind whistling furiously through the giant pines as I ride down that dusty trail to collect the mail. In early morning as I scan the vast horizon I usually catch a glimpse of the sun rising in the east. At evening, a picture no artist could paint. A beautiful red sky, a golden sun slowly sinking over the distant hills.

Wild horses come quietly down at the spring. If they knew that I was hiding behind this rock they'd gallop through the gorge and make for open range. Their leader is a magnificent black stallion whom we call "The Outlaw King." If he knew I was here there's no telling what he might do.

When I arrive back at the homestead, late as usual, the sun is well in the sky. Breakfast is always a happy, cheerful meal, it is a time when we arrange plans for the coming day. Probably a roundup, new fences, or maybe a sale day.

This particular morning, my father with the assistance of one or two farm hands is loading the trailer in the yard. The passengers are two young steers. The cattle are putting up a show. They rush madly around the yard.

Suddenly one of the boys rushes forward to block the daring young man from reeling backward into the mud. Another uncoils a rope from a saddle horn; bracing himself, he throws the noose at the bewildered steer's feet. Now in many stories the hero never misses. I can't say that for Tim Waters; he always misses.

Late the same evening, Dad comes home and tells us of the events that took place at the sale, as we all gather around an open blazing fire. Yes folks, there's no place like New Zealand, my New Zealand home.

MARGARET LYNCH  
(age 15) Auckland,  
New Zealand

### To the Wild Geese

First Poetry Award

A hush of twilight settles on the bay,  
And weaves a brooding spell through  
earth and sky;  
It soothes the little winds that moan and  
sigh,  
And fills with peace the last red glow of  
day.  
When presently the moment's breathless  
sway  
Is broken by the honking, homeward cry  
Of geese, their white throats shining as  
they fly,  
Their wings wide-spread in ordered V  
array.  
From warm, palm-girth lagoons they  
northward soar,  
A black-and-silver wedge in gallant flight,  
To seek the wild, blue terms of Labrador  
And build their nests. Meantime they  
scoop and light  
On drifting ice to rest; while far ashore  
A single star proclaims the coming night.  
JANET CHAPMAN (age 14)  
Seigniory Club, P.Q. Canada.

### Youth

Poetry Award

Out of the foggy mist,  
Down the shaded lane,  
Youth walks the rocky path.

Each turn is the end,  
A crisis of everlasting pain,  
Following the innocent.

From the dense forest  
You emerge unshielded,  
To be guided by faith.

Going on in a trance,  
A dim future overcast by the trouble,  
The turmoil around you constantly.

Peace comes only to the faithful,  
Resting in the balm of truth as  
Youth reaches out to maturity.

LA NITA JOHNSON (age 16) Modesto, California

### A Child's Plea

Poetry Award

It's Saturday this morning!  
I wonder why it's come.  
It follows after Friday  
And spoils all of my fun.  
It seems as though for Saturday  
Mom's saved up all the work  
That wasn't done on other days  
Which we all hoped to shirk.  
It's usually "Take the rubbish out,"  
And "Clean our cluttered room,"  
Or "Rake or mow the grass again,"  
Saturday comes too soon!  
I hope that Sunday will someday  
Right after Friday come—  
So there'll be no more Saturdays  
On which to get work done!

JUDITH PAUST  
(age 13) Richland Center, Wisconsin

### HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Patricia Toole (age 13) East Orange, N. J.  
Catherine Powers (age 14) New York, N. Y.  
POETRY: Carol Adams (age 13) Shreveport, La.  
Kristina Moore (age 15) Montezuma, Ga.  
FICTION: Patricia McCune (age 16) Cheyenne,  
Wyo.; Judith Capithorne (age 11) Regina, Sas-  
katchewan.  
NONFICTION: Rae Ann Lively (age 13) Enid,  
Okla.; Carol Chaaman (age 13) Burlington, Vt.  
(Continued on page 54)



# For Fun and Frolic

Drawings by Florence Maier



**4605:** Smart for school, pretty for parties, this is an excellent basic frock for sizes 10-14. The jaunty version sketched uses a check for trimming. Plaid, or a contrasting shade, would also be nice. Size 10 takes 3 yards of 35" material,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard for contrast

**9181:** Here is a casual, designed for spring-into-summer wear, that gives you that just-right feeling. Dan River Wrinkleshed cotton, in one of the stunning tartan plaids, would be a good material for it. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 calls for  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 39" fabric

**9224:** The pert ruffles of this dress for sizes 10-16 are in one with the bodice, which makes for easy sewing. Large, flat pockets give the new hipline. It would be pretty in a Dan River cotton, checked, plaid, or solid. Size 12 needs  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35" material

**4683:** The gracefully flared skirt, hem-to-throat buttons, and mandarin collar make this princess dress figure-flattering to the nth degree. And for plus value, it is simple to make, and easy to iron. Sizes 10-16. Size 12 takes  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39" material

**9149:** A threesome of full skirt, pullover blouse, and slimming, side-buttoned weskit, for sizes 11-17, that offers a wonderful opportunity to mix and match. In size 13, blouse takes  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39" material; skirt,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54"; weskit,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54"

**4775:** In either full or ballet length, this party frock for sizes 12-18 would be lovely in a gay Bates cotton broadcloth. There is a little yoke to slip in for the short version shown in the small sketch. Size 16 in ballet length needs  $8\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35" material



9149

4775

**Each Pattern 30¢**

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. For a handy, clip-out order blank, please turn to page 49

## If temperamental tresses trouble you, follow these rules for managing thick hair or thin

**O**F COURSE you want to have pretty hair. You want to wear it in a way that is becoming, but one that doesn't require a lot of fuss and bother to keep properly and neatly arranged. But not all of us are blessed with hair that just naturally goes the way we want it to. No doubt some of you have hair that is too thin to wear simply brushed off the face and cut in a wind-blown sort of bob. In no time at all the wind-blown effect is gone, and there you are, looking like something the cat's dragged in, with all the wispy flat strands lying limp. Perhaps some of you have hair so coarse and heavy that it looks like a pony's mane ten minutes after the brush and comb are put away, no matter what style you started out with.

Now, if you have either one or the other of these hair problems, do you take the easy way out? Do you wail, "I can't do anything with my hair! It's just awful! I've given up, and now I don't care any more." You really don't believe, down in your heart, that the "I don't care" part is true, do you? Every girl cares how she looks. It's right that she should. Maybe your real problem is that you've been trying to manage your hair the wrong way!

You can have lovely hair, prettily arranged, if you take the trouble to keep looking until you find a style which suits the particular texture of your kind of hair. If you haven't yet succeeded, here are two simple rules to remember:

For hair that is heavy and coarse you need a wave only at the ends to make it easy to control. But, in addition, thick hair calls for skillful cutting and thinning.

For hair in the fine and thin category—what hairdressers call "baby hair"—you must decide on a style which gives it

**If you have thick hair—**  
The styles shown here are right for you. Look for a good basic line, plus skillful thinning and a smooth effect. Don't go all out for lots of curls

PHOTOS FROM BEST AND COMPANY



## Topknot Techniques

by FAY ALCOTT

**If you have thin hair—**  
The short, blunt haircuts pictured here will do the most for you. Basic need is a really good permanent to keep curls crisp and add a look of more body



PHOTOS FROM THE TONI COMPANY



the illusion of more body. If your hair has a natural curl, you have no problem about that; but if it is as straight as a stick, then you'll need a permanent wave to keep it in shape.

All hairdos today are simple in line. A lot of fussy little bits and pieces are very much out of fashion. Out, too, is the long, long bob which trails on the shoulders. The "Dutch cut," with the hard, straight line all around and the equally hard straight bang, is better left alone unless you are very individual-looking. Don't be tempted by the fact that there is no hairdo easier to take care of than this one.

There are two main trends in present-day hair-dressing. Let's consider first the style which features the smooth top, ends rolled *under*, with some arrangement of the shorter hairs around the face. This is the perfect answer to the thick-hair problem. To be really attractive this hairdo requires the very thing that coarse hair gives you: sufficient weight to keep the rolled-under ends in place. When this style was first introduced, it was called the page-boy cut, and it was worn much longer than it is today. Because it is so completely becoming to young faces and requires so little care, it is still one of the most popular hair fashions we have. You can vary this smooth, close-to-the-head style by wearing a diagonal bang and fluffing out the ends a bit.

The second trend is one that can be adapted in many ways to suit your type. It features the smooth top, too, but the ends are curled *up* and brushed away from your face. It is the only way fine hair can be worn with any happiness and comfort. Its success lies most of all in the quality of the permanent wave you get to start with. (Continued on page 57)



**Curtain time coming up!** The thrill of opening night—the excitement as the cast makes up! These are priceless moments that make priceless snapshots. Pictures come easy these days—indoors or out, day or night. They're wonderful to take—swell to talk over with the gang. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

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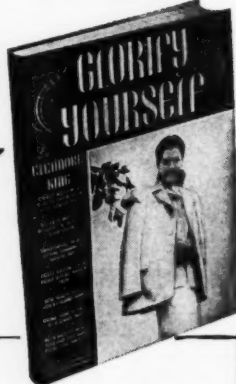
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### Your Walk

How to get a graceful rhythm in your walk.  
How not to wiggle.

### Your Legs

How to slenderize your legs.  
What to do for thin legs.  
What to do for bow legs.  
How to eliminate unsightly muscle bulges.

### Your Posture

How to achieve an appealing "youth line."  
How to streamline your figure through posture.  
How to get upper body control.  
How to get lower body control.  
What to do with your hands and feet.

### Your Hair

Finding the hair style that flatters your type.  
How to get a soft sheen in your hair.

### Your Clothes

What to wear to look taller or shorter.  
How to disguise large hips.  
What colors make you more enticing.  
Practical tips on planning your wardrobe.  
How to avoid overdressing.

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## Can You Pass This Test?

Your Answer	Should Be
Do you receive a compliment every day?	<input type="checkbox"/> Y
Are you afraid to meet new people?	<input type="checkbox"/> N
Does your date ever take you for granted?	<input type="checkbox"/> N
Are you self-conscious when passing a crowd?	<input type="checkbox"/> N
Are you at ease in opening a conversation with a stranger?	<input type="checkbox"/> Y
Do you find it difficult to be the gracious hostess?	<input type="checkbox"/> N
Do you make a good first impression?	<input type="checkbox"/> Y
Are you frequently invited out to dinner?	<input type="checkbox"/> Y
Do you get a peck instead of a kiss?	<input type="checkbox"/> N
Do you feel your true self really gets across to others?	<input type="checkbox"/> Y

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by JONNI BURKE  
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the thought from her as she stood in her window shivering in her long, woolen night robe and doeskin moccasins. The fresh morning air was pouring into the dark little cubby of a room. No unpleasant thoughts, nothing, must spoil this heaven-sent day.

But almost immediately the day turned bitter on Ana Paula's tongue when her god-mother handed her an ivory box containing two jade eardrops. The words of thanks came hard.

So the golden horse was for Concha!

After a hasty breakfast of chocolate and tortillas, the Ramiriz family and their guests started for the mission. They would hear mass on Ana Paula's name day. Before the sun was above the eastern hills, the long procession was climbing the cliff in the narrow ruts of the old trail.

Don Felipe rode ahead with doña Maria beside him on a gentle mare. Concha, every curl in place, rode happily between don Roberto and don Juanito, who had come up from the Estodillo rancho to join the party. Ana Paula was with Carlos and Jaime, and doña Luisa's sedan chair came rocking along between the fuzzy donkeys. At the rear rode a small group of vaqueros, but most of the Indians had long since left on foot.

Ana Paula, drinking in the sparkling freshness of the early morning, noticed that Concha kept up a running chatter which, from their laughter, the young men were finding amusing.

Soon they would reach the top of the cliff looking down on the sea. Ana Paula loved this spot where she could almost taste the salt on her lips. She liked to ride along the hard-packed sand just out of reach of the searching scallops of foam. But watching Concha, Ana Paula felt that the morning had suddenly lost its brightness. *La fiesta de mi santo*, she was thinking. The day dedicated to the saint for whom she was named. She was of the age now to be married. It was a frightening thought. She wished she knew the ways to please men, as Concha so evidently did.

They were climbing steadily toward a grove of wind-beaten pines. Suddenly, as they topped the cliff and rounded a bend in the trail, they came upon a huge grizzly bear, feeding on a dead foal at the foot of a tree. Angered at the interruption, the beast stretched to his full height with a roar.

Doña Maria's horse reared and bolted off the trail. Don Felipe, followed by don Juanito, rode furiously after them, to head them from the cliff's edge. Taken unaware, Concha was thrown from her saddle. Don Roberto's horse was momentarily out of control.

"Lie still, Concha!" shouted Ana Paula, struggling to manage her own horse.

But Concha, screaming, was struggling to her knees, her feet caught in her long riding habit. The grizzly lowered his massive head, his pig eyes gleaming like coals of fire, his jaws slaving blood from his kill.

Ana Paula had been decorously riding side saddle, but now she pulled up her long skirt and swung her leg over the saddle horn. She tore her reata from its fastening. It whistled around her head as she rode toward the bear. For a moment he turned from Concha toward this new menace.

The throw was bad because Ana Paula's horse was plunging and snorting with fear,

but the rope settled over the shoulders of the snarling animal. He stopped his lunge to bite and tear savagely at the rope. Don Roberto, his horse now under control, whipped his lariat through the air and caught the bear around the neck.

"Good!" shouted Ana Paula. "Quick! Pull it tight and follow me."

She heard a crash behind her as the sedan chair tipped over. The Old One rose from between the curtains like a jack-in-the-box. The donkeys were thrashing about between the shafts, blocking the road.

Ana Paula snubbed her rope around the saddle horn. She drove her horse in a wide circle about the pine tree behind the grizzly. Don Roberto followed, his rope choking the bear as he rode. Three times they circled the tree, until the horses could be ridden no closer to the struggling, foaming beast.

Vaqueros rode up. The big bear was now so well trussed up that one of them could approach on foot and kill him.

The ropes were gathered in. The grizzly collapsed in a shaggy heap on the colt he had killed. The sedan chair was righted. The kicking donkeys were quieted. The procession formed again, the trembling Concha in the sedan chair with doña Luisa. This time don Roberto was beside Ana Paula.

The sea along which they rode seemed blue and calm after the violence. Later the mission service brought peace and serenity to Ana Paula, kneeling with the women on the hard-packed earthen floor.

After siesta that afternoon, the Old One called don Roberto to her.

"Will you catch the palomino for me, please?" she asked him.

"Sí, doña Luisa," he answered, "with pleasure."

Followed by the family the Old One stumped out to the gate, pushing the dogs out of her way with her ebony cane.

When Roberto rode up with the palomino there were cries of pleasure.

"What a beauty!"

"A true palomino! See! He is like a king!" "He is for our horsewoman, Ana Paula," announced the Old One.

Almost speechless with delight, Ana Paula stepped out to receive her gift. The palomino's golden head was wide between the eyes, with quivering nostrils and sensitive ears. His eyes were dark, and the look he bent on Ana Paula was friendly and intelligent. Ana Paula ran her fingers down his bony muzzle to his velvety lips. He tossed his head until the silver conches on his bridle clinked and jingled.

"Querida mía!" murmured Ana Paula, "You darling."

"Could you mean me, Ana Paula?" whispered don Roberto, as he held his hands together for her to use as a step in mounting.

Ana Paula shook her head, laughing. The color was bright in her brown cheeks, as she placed her foot in his hands and he lifted her to the silver-mounted side saddle.

Then he mounted his own horse and they rode across the fields toward the cliff that looked down on the sea. Not out of sight of the family, for that would never do.

Ana Paula's sun hat was down her back, the ribbons all but choking her. But don Roberto did not seem to mind. They came galloping back to the gate, laughing like two children together.



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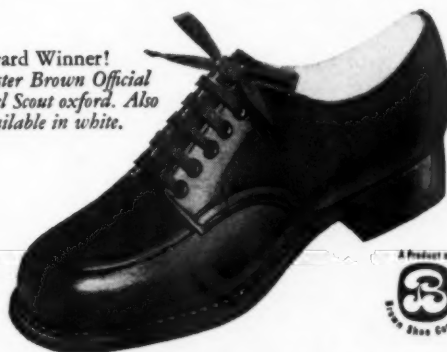
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**WATCH**  
stubborn  
donkey "wag"  
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**WATCH**  
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**—and each holds  
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At dusk, with the day behind them, Ana Paula was sitting on a stool beside the Old One in her tiny room. A bed of charcoal glowed red in the corner fireplace.

"I cannot thank you enough for the golden horse, *Vieja*," Ana Paula was saying. "He rides like your sedan chair, so easy is his gait. He stands when I saddle him. He seems to enjoy doing what I ask of him. Already we are friends."

"You very nearly didn't get him," the Old One said in her cracked voice. "I had decided to take him back to Monterey with me. I thought you had too many horses for your own good."

Ana Paula stared dreamily into the glowing coals.

"I will try, *Vieja*, to be more of a woman, and less a vaquero."

"You are old enough, now, *niña mia*, to be thinking of marriage."

"I know," Ana Paula's voice was troubled. "My mother never talks of it, but the chests are full to bursting with the quilts and linens." She put her cheek against the wrinkled hand on the old woman's knee. "Oh, *Vieja*! I am not like Concha. I know so little of the ways of men."

The Old One snorted. "You know plenty about roping and riding. The palomino is already eating out of your hand. You'll do. Concha is like the women of Spain. But this is a new world, a new time. Perhaps we Californios need women who can think for themselves when they must."

She stroked Ana Paula's dark head with her old, bony fingers.

"There are ways and ways with men, *hija mia*. Who can say which way is best?"

THE END

### ... in sacred trust for the nation ...

(Continued from page 18)

respectively, to be remitted to the Governor of Virginia, with authority and direction to make the purchase.

"Signed—A Southern Matron"

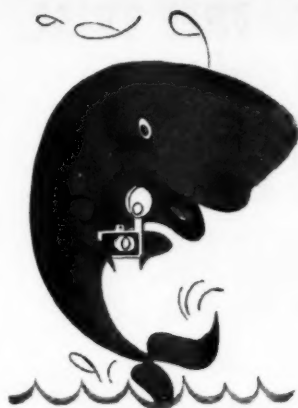
Virginia laughed, "But you are not a Southern Matron!"

Ann Pamela was undaunted. "No, but my mother is!"

So the letter was mailed to the "Mercury," and what is more it appeared in the columns of the paper on December 2, 1853. The response was immediate. Women gathered for meetings, stirred by the "Southern Matron's" fervent appeal. Ann's mother was the first to contribute to the fund to save Mount Vernon. In April, 1854, another letter appeared in print, this time in the Washington Union, but bearing the same signature: "A Southern Matron."

"We are grateful," Ann Pamela wrote, "to have it in our power to announce to you that the cause we had the honor to present to you in December last for your patriotic support . . . is now exhibiting a life and vitality which bid us hope it will have the power to last to reach Mount Vernon. Three States are interested and proportionately active . . ."

Although Ann Pamela had addressed her letters to the women of the South, the women of the North took up the fight, also, for love of George Washington and Mount Vernon was nationwide. Edward Everett, a lecturer, gave many lectures about Ann and her glorious goal and eventually turned over to her the sum of \$69,064. Women



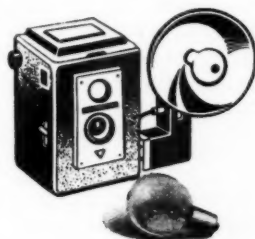
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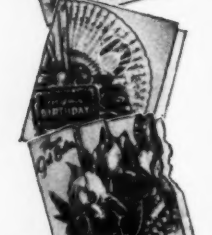
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**You Take No Risk**

from all over the United States had organized local groups. They had paid their \$1.00 membership fee and the Mount Vernon Fund was growing rapidly.

Messrs. Devereux & Co., 132 South Third Street, Philadelphia, began publication of a monthly paper called "The Mount Vernon Record." A publisher's notice stated that the cost of the publication was one dollar per annum, and that all proceeds "over and above the expense of its publication, will go for the uses of the Association." Names of the contributors to the Mount Vernon Fund were published in the Record. School children gave to the cause. The newsboys of New York City sent money. The Seventh Regiment of New York sent \$3,000. The Naval Academy at Annapolis and the boys from West Point contributed substantially. Miss Laura Keane put on a special performance of the play, "Our American Cousin" for the benefit of Mount Vernon. Edwin Booth contributed. Even in Paris subscription books were provided and money gifts were sent. "The Record" recorded every contribution, every step of progress.

Victory seemed just over the horizon when suddenly, in March, 1856, Mr. John Augustine Washington, then owner of Mount Vernon, withdrew the estate from sale. He had originally agreed to sell Mount Vernon—the two hundred acres of ground and the buildings—to the State of Virginia for \$200,000. But the Virginia legislature had prepared a charter for the purchase contrary to what Mr. Washington wished to accept. It also wounded his pride to think of an organization of women raising the \$200,000 with which Mount Vernon might be purchased. And so he refused to sell. People became suspicious. They questioned the honesty of the undertaking and the good faith of the ladies who had joined in the movement to save Mount Vernon.

Ann Pamela was desperate. "I'll go to Mount Vernon," she said, "and talk to Mr. Washington myself. I have not been on a railroad for years—the motion makes me ill—but I can get to Baltimore by a canal boat, and then the railroad ride will be short."

On a hot June day in 1856, she was carried up to Mount Vernon in a chair. She met the family. She discussed the possible purchase of Mount Vernon, but Mr. Washington would not agree. Nothing Ann could say would sway him from his obstinate stand. Bitterly discouraged with the outcome of her long and hard journey, she was carried down to the Potomac, to board a boat for home. But when she arrived at the wharf, she found that the boat had already sailed. Ann had to be carried up to Mount Vernon again to spend the night. The next morning she had another talk with Mr. Washington. In describing the conversation she wrote:

"I never spoke to mortal as I spoke to him. I told him that the isles of the sea would send their contributions for Mount Vernon; and that he would live to see it, though I would not. (We both did, for Havana and the Hawaiian Islands sent tributes.) . . . I went so far as to point out to him the light in which coming generations would view his conduct in preventing our tribute to Washington."

Despite her pleas, John Augustine Washington remained unconvinced. Once again it was time for Ann Pamela to be carried back to the wharf to the boat. In the few moments left to her, Ann Pamela tried to

prove to Mr. Washington that she was not wholly unsympathetic toward his position. Once again she explained that the ladies wished to buy and maintain the home of George Washington in "sacred trust for the nation." There was a dramatic stillness. Neither of them spoke. Then, suddenly, in that silent moment Ann Pamela felt assured of Mr. Washington's co-operation. Historical records prove her intuition correct.

"I held out my hand," wrote Ann Pamela; "he put his hand in mine; then with quivering lips, moist eyes, and a heart too full to speak, our compact was closed in silence."

At last, with all objections overruled and points of law settled, the home of George Washington was purchased in the spring of 1858 by the Mount Vernon Ladies Association of the Union. Mr. John A. Washington, his lawyers, Ann Pamela Cunningham and two vice-regents of the Mount Vernon Ladies Association met for the signing of the papers. Mr. John A. Washington and his family moved from Mount Vernon in February, 1860, and the Ladies Association took possession.

Throughout the Civil War little progress was made on the restoration of Mount Vernon. Ann Pamela sent an appeal to President Lincoln that no troops be quartered near or battles waged within the vicinity of Mount Vernon. The request was respected.

When peace was restored, the members of the organization that Ann Pamela founded ordered repairs to be made on Mount Vernon. New pillars for the porch, identical in design with the originals, replaced the dilapidated ones. They arranged for a new roof made of handmade shingles, a duplication of the type originally used. Rotted floor boards were taken up and the new ones put in their place. A railing was put around the tomb of Washington. All repairs were made in keeping with the era in which George and Martha Washington lived.

Fortunately for the Mount Vernon Ladies Association, a complete list of every piece of furniture and every household item had been made by an appraiser at the time of General Washington's death. From year to year, these furnishings have come back from the various people who had acquired them. Some have been purchased by the Association, some are on loan, others have been bequeathed. Even now, after all these years, an occasional personal belonging of the Washingtons is restored to Mount Vernon. Less than a year ago, a coat of George Washington's and a dress of Martha's were acquired. At the present time, practically every item on the first floor at Mount Vernon was once owned and used by the Washingtons. The funds to maintain Mount Vernon are derived from the public admission charge of fifty cents per person. As many as fifteen thousand people have passed through the beloved mansion in a single day.

Ann Pamela Cunningham died on May 1, 1875. In spite of a lifetime of invalidism (she never recovered from her spinal injury) Ann Pamela had accomplished a magnificent work.

With earnest and ceaseless effort, the members of the Mount Vernon Ladies Association have striven to follow the counsel given them by Ann Pamela Cunningham.

"Ladies," she said, in her address of June 1, 1874, "the home of Washington is in your charge—see to it that you keep it the home of Washington. Upon you rests this duty."

THE END

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**BECAUSE OF THE SIZE OF THE GIRL SCOUT ORGANIZATION, WE REGRET THAT WE CAN ASK ONLY LEADERS OR COUNCIL MEMBERS TO WRITE**

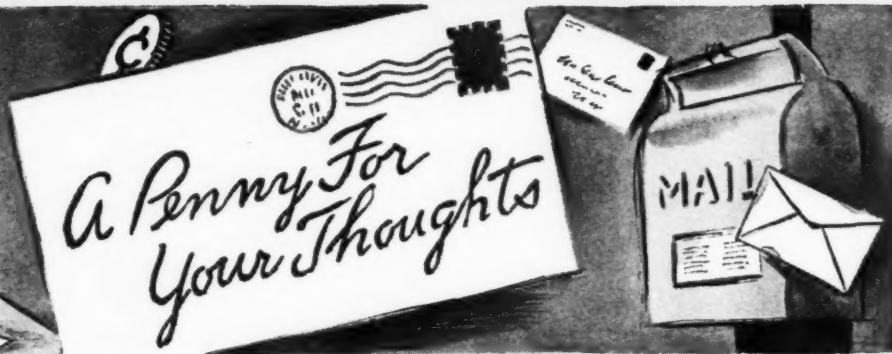
**HOW TO GET GOING:** If your council hasn't started yet tell them they can get all the material needed by writing the nearest of the Weston's plants listed below. Or if yours is a lone troop just ask your leader to send a postal card to the Weston plant nearest to you. Weston's will send her complete information and will supply you with all necessary selling aids.



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**VASSALBORO, MAINE:** The story *Christmas Anyhow!* found in the December issue was a story I will never forget. I also like your new serial.

Would it be possible to have an article on peace? Between nations, in our own country, and peace among our friends—maybe one of friendship—how we all can help to make our world a better one in which to live. Many don't realize that to obtain peace in this country and the world we first must start with ourselves and friends.

TONI PARKER (age 17)

**EDITOR'S NOTE—**We must be psychic! You will certainly enjoy "World-Mindedness" by Marie E. Gaudette in this issue.

**WEST NEWBURY, MASSACHUSETTS:** My compliments on your marvelous December issue. I consider December my special month, since my birthday is the twenty-third, and I was pleased that your December magazine was so appropriate to the season. The December cover was superb and gave just the feeling of "Peace on Earth" that you wanted to portray. *Christmas Anyhow!* is enchanting, not like the usual Christmas stories. I was interested in the Norwegian Christmas customs.

*Double Date* is simply thrilling and I can't wait to find out what happens. I hope everything turns out all right for Penny.

*Indian Moons* was one of my favorite features. I like to read them aloud, to hear the smooth sound of the rhyme.

Those who aren't satisfied with the *Jokes* better get busy and send some to you. After all, *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is our magazine, from humorous jokes to serious book reviews, favorite recipes to sensible advertisements, our own special *By You* section to various entertaining stories to suit everyone's taste.

DONNA MARION (age 16)

**BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH, ENGLAND:** Just recently, a friend of mine lent me several copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. To say the least, I was thrilled with it.

Here in England, we teen-agers are sadly neglected as regards magazines, and I think your wonderful magazine deals extremely well with all sides, tastes, and interests in a girl's life. Your fashions, I think, are ideal, and they are especially of interest to me as that is what I am studying. I am sixteen and a half years old, and go to a school of art, although I am leaving to go to work after Christmas. Thank you again for a really grand magazine.

BRENDA E. COLE (age 16)

**LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA:** Thanks for the best teen-age magazine I've ever read. I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for over four years and have enjoyed every copy. I am a Camp Fire Girl and so your *Indian*

*Moons* have been most helpful to me. Your December cover is especially nice. I think *Benediction of the Bells* was a grand story.

ANNE BIGFORD (age 13)

**BUCHANAN, MICHIGAN:** I enjoy your magazine very much, but I wish you had more stories about romance, murder, and horses.

As soon as I get the magazine I turn to your wonderful serial story *Double Date*.

I also like to read *All Over the Map*.

I am not a Girl Scout but like to read about Girl Scouts and what they do.

Your patterns are lush.

MARIDER LOEBACH (age 13)

**MATTAPAN, MASSACHUSETTS:** I thought *Christmas Anyhow!* was a wonderful story. But best of all I enjoyed *Benediction of the Bells*.

EILEEN MILLER (age 11)

**NEWELLTON, LOUISIANA:** Almost any topic you can think of, you can find something about it in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

I thought that the stories *Benediction of the Bells* and *Carol from the Heart* in the December issue were just grand.

LINDA POE (age 13)

**SPRING GROVE, MINNESOTA:** I just got the December issue today. I think *Christmas Anyhow!* was very good. I also liked *Sorority* in the October issue. I have only gotten three copies of the magazine but I like it very much. I thought "Christmas in a Concentration Camp" in the *By You* section was very good. Please keep on with the good stories and other things.

JOAN TORRICK (age 12)

**CHURCH HILL, MISSISSIPPI:** I take your magazine. Everything is so interesting. I love your fashions and I have ordered some patterns. Almost all my girl friends envy me.

I love your article on home nursing because I plan to become a nurse. I also liked *Laboratory Girl* and *Let's Face It*.

I am not a Girl Scout, but if Girl Scouts ever form here I plan to join. The gifts you display make it easy to decide what presents to give my friends. I love *By You*. I even sent in a poem, though I didn't expect to even get honorable mention because I am not a good poet. *Color Scheming* really helped me because I'm a brunette and I found I was wearing wrong colors. I also like *Your Own Recipe Exchange*. One of my hobbies is cooking (I'm not very good). I never miss *Teen Shop Talk* (love it). I take *Teen Topics* from this magazine. Love them too. Love *All Over the Map* and *Be Prepared*.

SUE FOSTER (age 12)

**NEW YORK, NEW YORK:** The stories in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* are great. I read many serials in your magazine and I'm in the

middle of *Double Date*, but none were better than *A Girl Called Hank*.

*A Penny for Your Thoughts* is a very enjoyable feature as you print criticisms as well as compliments and here is a criticism now. Your jokes are as old as the hills. I've read them all before.

The magazine is swell, though. Keep it up.

JUDY MISHKIN (age 13)

**GLASGOW, SCOTLAND:** I have been a regular reader of your magazine for the past year, and I would like to thank you for the many enjoyable hours I have spent reading it.

As you can see I am a Scots girl living in Glasgow and I just received *THE AMERICAN GIRL* from my pen friend in South Dakota who has it sent to me every month.

I think the fashions are wonderful for teen-agers and I also enjoy the stories very much, especially *A Girl Called Hank*. In fact everything in your magazine gives me the greatest pleasure.

BETTY GAVIN (age 17)

**MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA:** I enjoyed the article in the October issue, *Teen-Ager . . . Colombian Style*, especially since I have been to all the places described. I have many intimate friends in Marranquilla, mostly in our mission school, the "Colegio Americano."

I wish you would print more articles on foreign countries. Could you print one on Medellin?

KATHLEEN M. CLARK

**VALLEY STREAM, NEW YORK:** Your December cover was tops! I like *Rainbows at Her Feet* in the November issue very much. *All Over the Map* is very helpful to me because I am a second class Girl Scout of Troop 64. Could you please have more stories on music?

ANN B. KINGSBURY (age 12)

**ANAMOSA, IOWA:** I like your stories very much and your articles prove very interesting, especially *QRV?—Are You Ready?* It gave me a new and delightful hobby. I do wish you would have another article or story on this subject.

THERESA BOOS (age 15)

**PINE BLUFF, ARKANSAS:** I really enjoyed *Christmas Anyhow!* and I am also enjoying the new serial *Double Date*. I had charge of the Christmas program at Sunday school and *Carol from the Heart* helped a lot. The recipes are swell and the weskit patterns too. Your *Piggy Bank Presents* helped a lot, too. I do wish, though, that you would put some nurse stories in your magazine.

ANN BRADLEY (age 12)

**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS:** I can hardly wait for the next issue to come out to see what happens in *Double Date*.

I think your fashions are adorable.

We're going to have a school newspaper very soon, and I'm going to suggest some of your ideas to our newspaper teacher.

LINDA MCARDLE (age 12)

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

### Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department? There's terrific interest in this feature of the magazine. Hundreds of entries are flooding in, from all over the country. Do keep sending them each month—but be sure to follow the rules exactly, if you want your entry considered.

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. Only original material, never before published anywhere, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawing or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

#### SHORT STORIES

Any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Not over 800 words.

#### POEMS

Any subject—two to twenty-five lines.

#### NONFICTION

Almost any type of nonfiction—description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words. Suggested subject for June, 1952—VACATION.

#### DRAWINGS

Any subject. Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". WARNING: Wrap carefully! Drawings that are smudged, creased, or otherwise damaged will not be considered.

#### RULES

1. Entries for the June, 1952, issue must be mailed on or before March 1, 1952. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.  
2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted (for stories and nonfiction).

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts and drawings submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

#### AWARDS

Awards will be made for all material published: for contributions that, in the opinion of the judges, merit top award, \$10 will be given; for all others published, an award of \$5 will be given.

Each month we will also publish a list of those contributors whose work is worthy of Honorable Mention. No cash awards will be made for these Honorable Mentions.

Send entries to:

"By You" Dept. Editor

The American Girl Magazine

155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.



### Wise girls don't play basketball on "those days"

**TRUE:** Even though you "feel like a million," it's better to skip basketball at "that time of the month." For basketball is a strenuous business. So go easy—especially the first 2 or 3 days.

But there are lots of other sports you can play and you'll find out what they are in the Modess booklet, "Growing

Up and Liking It."

This friendly, illustrated booklet tells you just what's "good" and "not good" for you on "those days." Approved by doctors, it's full of helpful tips on health, beauty and poise, too.

Would you like a copy? It's free. Just mail coupon below.

## TRUE OR FALSE?

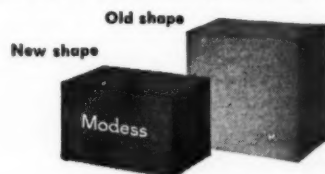
Even wise girls can't guess what's in a wrapped Modess box

**TRUE:** When it's wrapped, the new-shape, discreet-shape Modess box fools even the cleverest guessers. They think it's note paper, tissues, a box of candy.

So this tactful Modess box saves you shopping embarrassment. And, because it's wrapped before it even reaches your store, it saves you shopping time as well.

Same number of fine Modess napkins

as in old box. 3 napkin sizes: Regular (for average needs) . . . Junior (narrower) . . . Super (extra-protective).



Send now for your FREE Modess Booklet!



Anne Shelby, Personal Products Corp., Box 5251-2, Milltown, N. J.

Please send me, in plain wrapper, a FREE copy of "Growing Up and Liking It." (Good only in U. S. A. and Canada)

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City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

# RECIPE

## GEL-COOKERY PRIZE CORNER

FAMOUS

## PERFECTION SALAD Recipe Won \$1000



### Favorite Vegetable Salad Combination

See below how to get recipe\*

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Yes, Knox Gelatine comes to you all *real* gelatine—unflavored, unsweetened. So its uses are *unlimited*. It combines with all foods and flavors—fresh, canned, and frozen. With Knox the most *refreshing* food ideas in years are possible. In every package is gelatine for 4 different recipes and the finest prize Gel-Cookery recipes ever discovered. All laced through with the wholesome protein goodness of Knox.

Begin today. Get Knox, the *real* Gelatine, and start right off in this easier, thriftier world of Gel-Cookery. *Home made is always best and just as easy.*

Make  
Prize Salads,  
Desserts, and  
Main Dishes



\***FREE**—The recipe for Perfection Salad and lots of other prize recipes for salads, desserts, and main dishes—all in the popular budget recipe book, "Better Meals With Gel-Cookery." Address Knox Gelatine, Box AG-16, Johnstown, New York.

## Your Own Recipe Exchange

(Continued from page 23)

### DUTCH PANCAKE

This pancake is rather like an omelet, but firmer. It's different, and very good.

4 eggs  
½ cup flour  
½ teaspoon salt

½ cup milk  
2 tablespoons butter  
Confectioners' sugar

Jam

Beat eggs until light and fluffy. Sift together flour and salt. Add to eggs, alternately with milk, to make a smooth batter. Grease bottom and sides of a cold skillet with butter. Pour in batter and cook in a hot oven (400°) 20 to 25 minutes, reducing heat gradually to 350° during baking. Pancake should puff up at the sides and be crisp and brown. Gently loosen from the pan and turn out on a board lightly dusted with confectioners' sugar. Sprinkle top with more sugar and spread with jam. Fold over like an omelet and place on hot platter. Serves 4.

Sent by LINDA PERKINS, Jackson, Mississippi

### FLANNEL CAKES

Susan says that her mother has been using this recipe ever since she was married.

2 cups flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
4 teaspoons baking powder

1 tablespoon shortening  
2 eggs  
2 cups milk

Sift together dry ingredients. Rub shortening into dry mixture with the back of a spoon. Separate eggs and beat yolks until light. Add milk. Combine liquid and flour mixtures, stirring just enough to blend. Beat egg whites until stiff, and fold into batter. Bake on hot, greased griddle. Serves 4.

Sent by SUSAN MECKFESSEL,  
St. Louis, Missouri

### CHEESE-AND-BACON WAFFLES

A waffle that's nice to serve for breakfast, lunch, or an evening snack. Syrups and garnishes strictly superfluous, unless you're very fond of them.

2 cups flour  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1 teaspoon soda  
½ teaspoon salt  
2 eggs

2 cups buttermilk or sour milk  
6 tablespoons melted shortening  
½ cup grated American cheese  
6 strips bacon

Sift together flour, baking powder, soda, and salt. Combine beaten eggs, milk, and shortening. Add to first mixture. Stir in cheese. Cook in waffle iron, placing one strip of bacon across top of each waffle before closing cover.

Sent by LARUE WRIGHT, Miami, Florida

### CHOCOLATE NUT PANCAKES

We received many recipes for chocolate waffles and pancakes, and found it hard to make a choice. This is definitely a special-occasion recipe.

1½ cups packaged pancake mix  
½ cup sugar  
½ cup chopped nuts

1½ cups milk  
1 egg  
1 oz. unsweetened chocolate, melted

Combine pancake mix, sugar, and nuts. Blend together milk and well-beaten egg, and add ¾ to dry ingredients, mixing well. Combine chocolate with remaining milk-egg mixture and add to batter. Bake on a hot, lightly greased griddle. Makes about 24 small pancakes. Serve with:

## GIRLS! MAKE NEVER-FAIL FUDGE

IN 15 MINUTES



No cooking! No testing! No beating!

Fudge made this Kraft Kitchen way is smooth, never grainy, never too soft or too hard.

It is made *without cooking* so there's no testing and no beating to do. Its magic ingredient for smoothness and richness is creamy-white Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, always delicately fresh in flavor—*guaranteed fresh*.

Ask the gang in. Make a batch of "Philly" fudge tonight . . . in 15 minutes and serve it 13 minutes later. They'll say it's *terrific*!

### RECIPE FOR CHOCOLATE "PHILLY" FUDGE

1 3-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese  
2 cups of sifted confectioners' sugar

2 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate, melted  
¼ teaspoon vanilla  
Dash of salt  
½ cup chopped pecans

Place the cream cheese in a bowl and cream it until soft and smooth. Slowly blend the sugar into it. Add the melted chocolate. Mix well. Add the vanilla, salt and chopped pecans and mix until well blended. Press into a well-greased, shallow pan. Place in the refrigerator until firm (about 15 minutes). Cut into squares.



**FREE RECIPE BOOKLET!** How to make walnut, coconut, chocolate "Philly" fudge plus 18 flavors of luscious "Philly" cake frosting. Address Kraft Kitchen, Dept. A-2, Box 6567, Chicago 77, Ill.

For "Philly" fudge be sure you use genuine

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#### Foamy Sauce

3 egg yolks  
¼ cup sifted confectioners' sugar

½ teaspoon vanilla  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 cup cream, whipped

Beat egg yolks until thick. Gradually add sugar. Add vanilla and salt. Fold in whipped cream and mix lightly but thoroughly. Chill well before serving.

Sent by **LYNNE ANDERSON**, Flushing, N. Y.

#### GINGERBREAD WAFFLES

These waffles have a tantalizing flavor of molasses and ginger. For breakfast or a hearty snack, serve with applesauce and bacon. Delicious for dessert topped with whipped cream flavored with molasses; or melted butter, cinnamon, and sugar.

2 cups flour  
¼ teaspoon baking soda  
½ teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons ginger  
2 eggs

1 cup molasses  
½ cup buttermilk or sour milk  
½ cup melted shortening

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Separate eggs and beat yolks well. Combine with molasses and add to flour mixture alternately with milk, beating until smooth. Add shortening. Beat egg whites until stiff; fold into batter. Bake in hot waffle iron.

Sent by **MARY ANN BROHL**, Weir, Kansas

#### COTTAGE-CHEESE PANCAKES

These melt-in-the-mouth pancakes are a great favorite in Diane's family. Try serving them with well-seasoned applesauce.

4 eggs  
½ pound cottage cheese  
1 cup sour cream  
¼ cup flour

1 tablespoon sugar  
¼ teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon baking powder

Combine well-beaten eggs, cottage cheese, and sour cream. Add sifted dry ingredients and beat until smooth. Bake on a lightly greased, hot griddle. Serve with syrup.

Sent by **DIANE WOOD**, Chicago, Illinois

THE END

#### May Recipe Exchange

Subject: Poultry

Date Due: February 20

• The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the May issue must reach us by February 20.

• Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe **MUST** be one that you have used successfully.

• **JUDITH MILLER**, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

#### FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper.
2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

## Keep a Recipe Scrapbook

You're a wonderful cook in a jiffy . . . when you make this impressive salad for Mom or the gang!\*



### Luscious Luncheon Salad

Combine 4 c. cooked lima beans, ¼ lb. salami cut in slivers, ¾ c. chopped celery, 1 tbs. minced onion, ½ c. Best Foods or Hellmann's Whole-Egg Mayonnaise, 1 tsp.

cider vinegar, ½ tsp. salt, 1/16 tsp. white pepper. Chill thoroughly. Serve on lettuce, garnished with radishes and additional mayonnaise. (Serves 6)



#### \*Activity 11 for your Cook Proficiency Badge

... requires that you "prepare a hearty salad containing meat, cheese, or eggs to serve as a main dish for luncheon." Make this delightful salad at home to complete this activity, and notify your Troop Leader.



Famous for salads, and for making so many easy dishes taste so good . . . that's Best Foods or Hellmann's Whole-Egg Mayonnaise! And no wonder . . . it's made with *freshly-broken whole eggs* plus extra egg yolks! Just *taste* the difference between mayonnaise made with egg yolks alone and Best Foods or Hellmann's! Finer in flavor, smoother in texture, it's America's favorite mayonnaise!

## Best Foods · HELLMANN'S



*Whole-Egg  
Mayonnaise*

IN THE WEST →

← IN THE EAST



In far-off Anaco, Venezuela, Girl Scouts and Brownies take part in a Fly-Up at which four Brownies received their pins

**A**LL OVER THE WORLD, Girl Guides and Girl Scouts will be remembering one another on Thinking Day, February 22nd, with messages and friendly greetings. We are joining hands in this chain of world friendship by bringing you in this department news of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts abroad, and of the international friendship activities of Girl Scouts here at home.

Just in time for the February issue came a most interesting letter from a Girl Scout in Skärup, Denmark. She writes: "I have read articles about the Girl Scouts in America and other parts of the world in your magazine, and have enjoyed them so much, so I thought perhaps other Scouts would like to hear something about Scouting in Denmark. In this country we do not give our troops numbers, but call them by the names of their town or district. Our troop is called the Skärup troop. We wear a navy-blue uniform with four pockets and brown buttons with the three-leaf clover on them, a navy-blue hat or cap, a green triangular scarf, and a white whistle cord that ends in our left breast pocket. We wear brown shoes and stockings.

"We have a room in what was once the stable of the village inn. We have cleaned and fixed it up. We share this room with the Boy Scouts. The boys have made some of the tables and chairs and we girls have made the curtains and other trimmings. We have patrol meetings once a week and troop meetings once a month. We also have patrol and troop outings. Sometimes we have parties and put on shows to get money.

"At patrol meetings we sing; signal the Morse System with flags, light, and sound; practice throwing rescue ropes; make bandages of our scarfs; learn how to take care of small accidents. We must know how to help anyone drowning and give them artificial respiration until help comes. We study the stars

and try to use them in finding our way about; also by compass. Out of old clothes we must be able to make a garment usable for a child. Another thing we do is to make maps of a certain district. We also plan our outings, and a hike of twenty kilometers which includes visiting a farm or a museum.

"In the summer we have a camp, which usually lasts a week. This year we were on the edge of a forest that ended on a beach, where we could swim every day and make interesting trips to the forest and nearby villages. We were divided into three

groups, and changed off, doing the work.

"One day we were sent out on a post tour. The only thing we were told was that on one of the posts we would receive a fish and that we should clean it, build a fire, and cook it. None of us had any idea how to clean a fish and none of us cared for fish, so we almost decided to go to the inn and eat our dinner. But good Scouts as we were, we did not follow our inclinations, but went to look for the first post. The first message said that the Fishman had been knocked down and lay behind a house unconscious, so we should see if we could help him. When we got there we found one of our leaders, with red color on her face to look as if she had been hurt. We began to bandage, and talked about getting a doctor and the ambulance, when she began to murmur that there was a telephone up on the road. Up there we found another one of our leaders, and she wanted to know how we would go about getting a doctor and the ambulance. The next post told us that the Fishman had gained consciousness and had given a description of the [imaginary] criminal. We were sent to find him, and as we neared the farmhouse where our leader's parents lived, we saw her father in the yard and recognized our man. In the meantime, they called from the house for us to

**The quaint meeting place of the Skärup, Denmark, Girl Scouts. Their room once upon a time was the stable of the village inn**



# All Over

## Headline News in

hurry and come and prepare our fish. We rushed in and there was a long table set and a delicious chicken dinner ready for us. It sure was a nice surprise.

"Denmark is a good country for Scouting. We have lakes, forests, and the ocean, giving us good beaches. The weather is rarely too hot for long, interesting hikes, and we study the plants and animals that are native here. I forgot to tell that every night we had a bonfire in the camp, put on little sketches, and sang songs. It was so cozy and so much fun."

A pretty wonderful letter, we think, to have been perfectly typed in excellent English by a thirteen-year-old Danish girl!

In Charleston, West Virginia, the Girl Scouts had enjoyed so much the visit of an exchange camper from The Netherlands that they made Holland the main theme of their Juliette Low celebration last year.

As part of the celebration, the girls presented a program of folk dances of many nations, the finale being a Dutch dance with windmills and tulips as a background. Following this, a representative of each troop presented to another Scout, dressed in Dutch costume, a package containing material for one dress, and a pattern, thread, and buttons. These packages were forwarded after the celebration to their friend the exchange camper, for distribution through the Girl Guides of The Netherlands.

The project was called the Helpful Hands, after Juliette Low's childhood club, and Senior Girl Scouts helped make the arrangements, taught dances, and made the programs for the celebration. Many of the troops salvaged paper, grease, and coat hangers to earn money for the gifts for their package.

From West Virginia comes still another account of a good International Friendship activity. As part of their work on the World Trefoil badge, the girls of troop 55 in Mannington arranged an exhibit at the Mannington District Fair.

# the Map

## Girl Scouting

Flanked by the American and troop flags, with the World Flag (made by one of the girls) across the background, the exhibit included a display of the flags of the member nations of the World Association, with a map on which stars marked the location of each country. Dolls, dressed by the girls in Girl Guide and Girl Scout uniforms, attracted much attention. The girls' notebooks on the members nations were also displayed, and there was a pencil sketch and a brief history of Our Chalet.

On one side of the center display was an easel with the story of the Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, the World Association, and the International Friendship program. Next to this was a large green trefoil on which the Girl Scout Laws were printed in yellow. In the foreground of the whole exhibit, beautifully outlined against a white background, was the Girl Scout Promise.

To the many visitors who stopped to admire the exhibit, it told an impressive story of the purpose and scope of the International Friendship program.

✿ Last summer, when Janet E. Tobitt, of the Girl Scout national staff, arrived in Germany to serve as Community Adviser to American Girl Scouts there, she found everywhere a keen interest in Scouting. Enthusiasm has grown steadily, she reports, despite many handicaps. There have been many get-togethers between American and German Girl Scouts which have been happy experiences. American girls have learned some German, and most German girls speak some English. Where there is a gap between the languages, they do wonderfully well in sign language!

At an international rally in Berlin, Swedish, British, German, and United States Girl Scouts sang, danced, and watched Girl Scout films together. At an all-day gathering in Munich which included an Investiture and a Court of Awards, a company of Swedish Girl Guides en route to Austria were guests, as well as a number of German Scouts. After supper they danced, taught one another new songs, and joined in the good-night sing around the campfire. The whole program was translated into tape records by Radio Free Europe operators and beamed to countries behind the Iron Curtain.

Camping is an important part of the program in Germany, just as here at home, though opportunities naturally are still limited. At a Day Camp at Feudenheim, forty-eight German girls were guests for a day of an equal number of American Brownies. Each Brownie acted as hostess for a German girl, for whom she provided a nosebag lunch. The discovery that the American girls had learned many of the German songs and dances in school was a wonderful ice breaker. At this camp, too, some Intermediate and Senior Girl Scouts acted as Program Aides, and became adept in outdoor cookery. On one of Miss Tobitt's visits they had some forty-eight buddy burners going, and cooked hamburgers and hot

cakes without so much as a blistered finger!

Mindful of their promise "to help other people at all times," American Girl Scouts in Germany also have many fine service activities—a clothing drive by the Heidelberg Scouts, Christmas parties for needy children, and projects to assist the groups of unfortunate people in their area.

✿ In April, Lone Troop 4 in Anaco, Venezuela, will be one year old. There have been many changes in the troop in that short time, as is only to be expected in an oil camp where the parents of the girls never know how long they will be stationed there. But there is great enthusiasm for Scouting, and the girls thoroughly enjoy their program activities. At the moment they are at work on plans for a ceremony at which they will make their contribution to the World Friendship Fund. At a recent Fly-Up, each Girl Scout brought a cake which she had baked herself, as well as cookies and punch for the party which followed the ceremony. Here is a poem written by one of the Brownies to commemorate her Fly-Up:

I had much fun in Brownie Troop four  
Where I sewed, made many projects,  
and many things more.  
We always kept smiling, sang many a song,  
Always doing our duty for ever so long.  
And now comes the day  
When good-bye to Brownies I say,  
But I'll never forget the fun I had  
Enjoying Brownies again and again.

Which goes to prove that Brownies are Brownies, the world around.

✿ We are happy to be able to give you the sequel to the story of the American Girl Scouts in Argentina, Newfoundland, printed in "All Over The Map" last July.

On a return visit to their Girl Guide friends in St. John's, Newfoundland, fourteen Argentina Girl Scouts and six adults made the trip by bus. When they reached St. John's they were taken to the comfortable lodgings which had been arranged for them in the WAAF barracks at the Air Force Base at Fort Pepperrell. In the afternoon they were guests at a party attended by all the Guide leaders of Newfoundland, including the Provincial Commissioner. Then—since what is a trip without souvenirs?—they visited the Girl Guide headquarters



U. S. Army Photograph

At the Wurzburg Military Post in Germany, Janet E. Tobitt (seated, left) meets with German and American Girl Scouts

and bought souvenir spoons, whistles, and songbooks.

That evening the Girl Scouts, smart and trim in their new uniforms, took part in a huge Rally held in the Royal Navy Armory, and marched proudly past the reviewing stand behind their new Girl Scout flag. The program was an exciting one, with much singing, and several beautifully done dances of England, Scotland, and Germany. The American girls, as their share of the entertainment, did "She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain" with gestures, and made a real hit. When it was all over, the Girl Scouts were ready to tumble into bed, though they discovered they weren't too tired to enjoy the cookies and milk which a thoughtful WAAF sergeant had ready for them at the barracks.

Next morning the mess-hall breakfast provided for them by the Air Force proved quite a novelty. Then, after exchanging addresses and promising to write, they left for home, stopping on the way to visit the famous Cabot Tower from which Marconi, in 1900, sent out his first oceanic wireless message.

The most recent news on this international friendship link is that the third St. John's Company of Girl Guides invited one American Girl Scout from Argentina to spend ten days last summer at their camp at Beachy Cove. And, in case she should feel lonesome, they invited her to bring along one other Girl Scout to keep her company. The friendliness of the leaders and the girls with whom they lived in the tent camp made their visit a completely happy experience for the two Girl Scouts.

### ATTENTION, PLEASE!

This department is for news about Girl Scouts everywhere—what they are doing and how they are doing it. Why not send in accounts and pictures of your troop's projects and fun?



# Friendship Pennies

by MABEL MINDEN

**How your contributions to the Juliette Low fund help friends all over the world**



**Above: Girl Guides and Girl Scouts from round the world met together at the '51 International Encampment**



**Above: Brownies shown here are measuring around their hands, add a penny to the Fund for each inch**

**Right: This Australian delegate to last summer's International Encampment raises her country's flag**



**Below: The Juliette Low Fund made attendance at Our Chalet possible for these girls from many countries**



**Y**OU HAVE seen the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund mentioned in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* many times, and if you happen to be a Girl Scout the chances are that you will be contributing to it some time this month. But perhaps you would still like to know more about how and why the Fund was started, and what it does. And it certainly never hurts to exchange ideas on new and interesting ways for Girl Scout troops to collect money for the Juliette Low Fund—and have fun doing it at the same time.

You have probably heard all about Juliette Low and how she became interested in Scouting through her friends the Baden-Powells, founders of Boy Scouting and Girl Guiding in England. Mrs. Low started the Girl Scout movement in the United States with just twelve girls and a wonderful idea, but soon, Girl Scouting had spread throughout the country. Because she was a firm believer in spreading good will and developing friendships among the youth of all countries, Juliette Low was determined to have representatives of Girl Guide and Girl Scout movements from all over the world meet here in the United States. She lived just long enough to see part of her wish come true. The Fourth International Conference of Girl Guide and Girl Scout leaders was held in 1926 at Camp Edith Macy in Pleasantville, New York, with delegates from twenty-nine countries present.

After her death in 1927, friends of Juliette Low agreed that the greatest tribute that could be paid to such a great and charming lady would be to find a way to continue working toward the realization of her dream of world friendship. That same year, at the Girl Scout annual convention, the Juliette Low Memorial Fund was established. Its name was later changed to the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund. From then on, the Girl Scouts took over. From the youngest Brownie on up, all of you, through the years, have done your share in building up the fund. Last year's contributions totaled \$118,857.29!

Perhaps you'd like to know more about what happens to all this money after you send it in to National Headquarters.

Each year, at the end of July, all the money received by the fund during the past twelve months is totaled. Then the members of the International Committee of the Girl Scout national organization, made up of adult volunteers from different parts of the country, decide where the money will do the most good and work out a budget for the coming year. Here are some of the wonderful things your pennies, dimes, and dollars have made possible recently.

The Juliette Low Fund sponsors each summer a gathering of girls from many parts of the world at Our Chalet in Adelboden, Switzerland. Among these delegates are four Seniors from the United States. The Girl Guides and Girl Scouts attending this international meeting are Juliette Low girls who have received the Juliette Low Award in recognition of their outstanding accomplishments in Girl Scouting. Local councils and

lone-troop leaders send in names of likely candidates for this honor and the final selection is made by a special committee at National Headquarters. As any Juliette Low girl will tell you, this is not only the highest award a Girl Scout can receive but also one of the greatest thrills she can experience. In 1951, besides the four Senior Scouts from the United States, there were Girl Guides and Scouts from eight other countries at Our Chalet.

Through the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund two Girl Scouts were able to attend the International Ranger Gathering in Wales and two more went to British Columbia, Canada, to take part in the International Camp there. At the International Camp in Australia the United States was represented by a Girl Scout from Massachusetts, and two other American girls participated in the Western Hemisphere Ranger Gathering in Puerto Rico.

In 1950 five Senior Scouts from the United States visited Belgium, and this past summer four Belgian Rangers came here. Because of this exchange program all of these girls have had a chance to live, camp, and have fun together, and at the same time learn to understand and respect one another's friendship!

Girl Guides and Scouts from eighteen countries, including the United States and the Philippines, gathered at the Edith Macy Training School this summer to take part in three international conferences. And to help develop the Girl Scout movement in other countries as well as to further world friendship, training scholarships for sister Scouts and Guides were received in 1951 by seven representatives from outside the United States.

That is not all! Here is a list of some of the gifts made possible through your contributions in 1950 and 1951.

Japanese and Korean Scouts received paper for printing, ink for their mimeograph machines, moving-picture films, booklets, and some money for their national headquarters. Scouts in Italy received money to help them publish their handbook. To Pakistan went a Girl Scout film; films were also sent to India along with some books on handicraft. Members in the Philippines received a much-needed movie projector and screen; and to The Netherlands went blankets for a new training center. The Juliette Low Fund provided a sum of money to help our Canadian sisters when Winnipeg had a flood. French Guides, too, needed funds to rebuild their training center after a tornado. In order to publish their national Girl Guide magazine, Greek troops received help, and for the Girl Guides in Latin America we had the Handbook of the Girl Scouts of the U. S. A. translated into Spanish.

Last year a Girl Guide visiting at Our Chalet was able to have an emergency appendicitis operation because of this fund. A leader in Japan was very ill and needed medicine which we were able to send her because of the Juliette Low Fund.

And in London, the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund supplied new kitchen equipment for Our Ark. As you know, this is where Girl Guides and Scouts from all over the world stay when they visit London.

We have contributed money to CARE to help provide relief for children in Korea and packages for the kidnapped Greek children who have just been returned to their homes from Yugoslavia.

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All of these things and many more were made possible through your contributions to the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund.

With this information under your hat you're probably already planning how your troop might manage its next Juliette Low collection. If you are, don't forget that the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund will be celebrating its twenty-fifth birthday in the fall of 1952. Because this birthday makes it a special year, how about suggesting that your troop raise its goal in 1952?

There's almost no end to the ingenious ways of collecting money that troops have invented to swell their contributions to the Juliette Low Fund. Some have baked cakes and made candy to sell at special bazaars for the Fund. In one Girl Scout council, all the troops got together and gave a county fair. Not only did the girls tempt their customers with ice cream and sodas; they provided entertainment as well. There were freak shows, weight-guessing contests, and lots of good games to play. Some of the Brownies staged a farm-animal parade, using paper bags and burlap sacks for their "heads" and costumes. Of course, all the money collected for refreshments went to the Juliette Low Fund.

Another group had a variety show at which each girl was asked to measure her leg from heel to knee and give a penny for each inch. Each troop then put its contribution into a new sock and presented it to the Juliette Low chairman.

And how about using the idea successfully presented by the troop in which every Girl

Scout contributed a penny for each letter in her name? First and last! Or the plan of the Mariner troop which collected a nickel for each inch of their boat from bow to stern?

Maybe you've made pot holders and sold them to practically everyone around your town so that your troop could meet its goal. Then again, you might have given that barn dance where everyone had so much fun, or cooked a special spaghetti dinner and served it to your parents and their friends in exchange for a reasonable contribution to the Juliette Low Fund.

Did your troop ever have a Mitten Tree and collect pennies according to the size glove you wear? That's one way to accomplish two things at once—contribute to the Fund and collect mittens to send overseas.

How about using a big diagram of a thermometer to measure your goal? You can meet your quota and have some fun, too, by dividing your troop into teams and counting each penny contributed as a "degree." The team that breaks the thermometer first, wins.

It's time to get busy on all of these new ideas that are buzzing around in your head. Don't forget that all contributions received by July 31 will be included in the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Report of the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund. This is your chance to help close the fund's first quarter century with its biggest year ever. You can be sure that every penny you give will truly aid in building world friendship in the Girl Scout way.

THE END

## Double Date (Continued from page 15)

Mother nodded, smiling. "Paul is so nice."

First names already, Pam's glance said plainly to Penny. Aloud she asked, "Why didn't you tell us he was so attractive?"

Mother chuckled, then yawned again. "I supposed you'd find him one-foot-in-the-gravish. He's well over forty."

"So are a lot of perfectly fascinating men," Pam argued. She added pointedly, "He seemed quite interested in you. Asked a lot of questions about you."

Mother patted her shoulder. There was a little teasing note in her voice. "I hope you gave me a good reference, dear. And now you two simply have to quit talking and get to sleep. School tomorrow, remember?" She certainly didn't sound like a woman who was falling in love, Penny thought in relief.

Each year on New Year's Eve, a big formal dance was held at the Glenhurst Country Club. Randy had invited Pam to it weeks in advance, lest she make other plans for the evening. Had he but known it, Pam had been figuring on attending the dance with him ever since she first learned of it. The possibility that he might not ask her simply hadn't crossed her mind.

"He could line up a date for you," Pam reminded Penny. "If you'd let me ask him. But you're so persnickety about things like that lately."

"You'd feel the same way," Penny told her, "if it was a question of my having to get a date for you."

"But what will you do New Year's?" Pam asked, her gray glance troubled. "It's only a couple of weeks off."

"I'll do something," Penny assured her, with more confidence than she felt. "Don't worry about me. I'll be all right."

There was fresh snow for Christmas. Christmas Eve Gran and Mother watched Pam and Penny trim the Howard tree. The day itself passed in a gay confusion of gifts and Christmas calls, of friends and neighbors dropping in. The Howards' living room was cozy with a blazing log fire on the hearth, with the enticing scent of Scotch pine, with talk and laughter and familiar Christmas carols on the record player.

Lucius Hancock lingered most of the day, having been invited to dinner. Paul Gerard stopped in briefly, so that Mother had a chance to thank him in person for the lovely red roses he had sent her. Ever so many friends of the twins stopped by.

Switching off the tree lights late that night, Mrs. Howard said, "It's been a wonderful day, hasn't it?"

And all of them agreed.

Louise Howard stood for a moment, a little smile pulling at her mouth. Then she chuckled. "Guess what! Paul Gerard invited me to the country-club dance."

"He did?" Pam and Penny exclaimed together.

"I hope you told him you'd go," Gran said.

Penny noticed how young and filled with wistful anticipation Mother's face looked. Why, Mother was too young not to have dates and fun any more, to work all the time. It wasn't fair to expect it of her.

Even having seen for herself how good-looking and charming Paul Gerard was, Penny couldn't resist saying, "Of course you should go."

Apparently Pam's thoughts had matched Penny's, because she echoed, "Of course!" "I haven't quite decided," Mother admitted. "I said I'd let him know."



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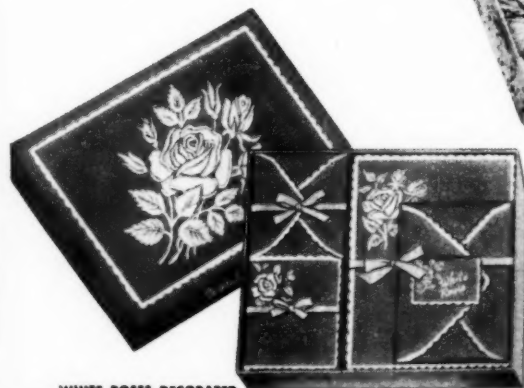
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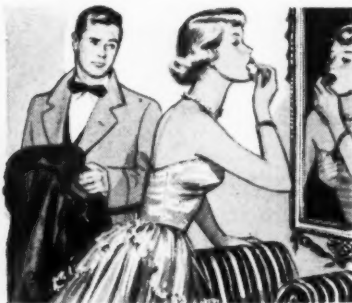
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#### When you don't know the party guests, should you—

- ☐ Plunge in boldly ☐ Pause at the doorway

Before you cross a crowded room—of strangers—better get your bearings. Instead of anteloping in (only to flounder midway, flustered), pause at the door long enough to spy your hostess. Then beeline (but s-l-o-w-l-y) in her direction; she'll take over from there. Even if it's "that" time, don't dismay. You'll be comfortable, confident with Kotex. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; holds its shape for hours.



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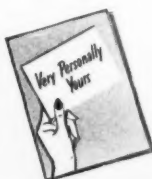
- ☐ A little light refreshment ☐ Waxed paper

If you haven't time for ironing—try this: Slide the tired veil quickly back and forth on a lighted lamp bulb. Slick, last-minute way to crisp that glamour-wisp! Of course, to outwit calendar emergencies, you're smart to buy Kotex—in advance. That special safety center gives extra protection, and those flat pressed ends prevent "outlines"!



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"But why—" Penny began. And then she stopped abruptly.

The troubled way Mother was looking at her made the reason for hesitation painfully clear. Penny thought starkly, she's worried about me. She knows Pam's got a date. And now she herself has a chance for one. But I'm the problem. She doesn't want to leave me out in the cold.

Aloud Penny said, "Don't hesitate on my account. I was sort of planning on having a little party New Year's. Just a few people. Maybe Maggie and Jean and Bob and a couple of others. I haven't had time to put much thought on it yet, but if you wouldn't care—" She certainly hadn't put much thought on it, Penny reflected wryly. The whole idea had been born of her desperate need to think of something, so that Mother wouldn't feel she had to stay home on her account.

Mother said, "Why, no, dear, I wouldn't care. If it's all right with Gran."

"Of course it's all right," Gran agreed promptly.

And so it was decided. Mother would accept Paul's invitation, and Penny would invite some people over. She hoped Maggie and Jean could come and that they'd have some bright ideas about others to invite. This was going to be pretty short notice for a New Year's party, even a small one. She would just have to do the best she could to work it out.

As a matter of fact, it didn't prove nearly so hard as Penny had feared. A few phone calls the next morning established that she wasn't the only one who had been in danger of not having anything to do New Year's Eve. The party seemed to snowball under her eyes.

At last she worked up courage to ask Pam, "I wonder about Mike. You don't happen to know what he's planning, do you?" "Mike?" Pam's brows lifted a little, "He's been such a stranger lately, I wouldn't know."

"Well, he's been working," Penny reminded her sister. "He didn't have much time for dates till just this week."

"That's what he keeps telling me," Pam nodded. "So finally I relented and let him talk me into going to the movies with him tonight. You can ask him about New Year's when he comes."

Mike, it developed, would be pleased to come to Penny's party. When he told her so, her heart lifted like a runaway elevator.

Holiday week flew past. Penny had endless conferences with Gran over refreshments for the party, with Maggie and Jean about things to do New Year's Eve to keep the fun rolling along. This would be her first party without Pam's co-operation, and Penny was understandably anxious about its success.

One afternoon she stopped in the drugstore to have a coke between errands. Mike's voice hailed her from a booth.

"Hi, Penny, join me." He motioned toward the empty bench opposite him. "I'm feeling lower than an angleworm's stomach at the moment. Maybe human companionship will help."

Penny brought her drink over from the fountain and took a few thoughtful sips, her gray glance on Mike's face. "Why are you so low?"

"Hah!" Mike's laugh was hollow. "It's Pam."

"Oh," Penny said. "Did you—have a fight?"

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Mike shook his head. "No, not exactly. But Pam says I've been, quote, neglecting her unquote, since I've been working. It's kind of ironic," he went on, his tone just a shade bitter. "I get myself a job so I'll have some money to spend on her. And what happens? I had to work so late every night till Christmas, it gave Randy and Spark and the rest a clear track. Now that I only work Saturdays, I can ask Pam for a date. But does she understand? Not on your life. She's riled at me."

He sounded so unhappy, Penny had to say something comforting. "Oh, Mike, I don't think she's really riled. She went out with you one night this week, didn't she?" "Yeah," Mike nodded. "One measly date we've had since I finished working nights. The trouble with Pam is, she's too popular. A guy kind of gets lost in the shuffle."

As he went on unbundling himself, Penny began to feel the pull of two loyalties: one to Pam, which was very familiar; and a newer one, amazingly strong, to Mike, whom she liked so well. Frowning, Penny thought it couldn't be too unfair to Pam if she gave Mike a small steer in the right direction. Almost of their own volition, her lips began to move, saying, "There's just one thing, Mike, if you wouldn't mind a word of advice."

"Boy, I need it," Mike said. "Shoot."

"It's funny with Pam," Penny's voice was low and just a little unsteady. "She sometimes loses interest in a boy if she feels—fairly sure of him. She was very interested in you right at first, Mike, when she wasn't sure you liked her."

Mike stared at Penny for a moment. Then he said slowly, "Wait a minute. Let me get this straight. You mean when I was hard-to-get, Pam wanted me. Now she's got me, she's hard-to-get. Is that the way it works?"

Penny nodded. She had done all she could for him. "I have to go now, Mike." She got to her feet.

"I'm going, too," Mike said. "I'll go with you."

"I've a lot of errands," Penny warned. "I don't mind," Mike said. "I've lots of time."

Walking down the street, he said thoughtfully. "Gee whiz, a guy would have to have a hole in his head to go to so much bother over a girl—even Pam."

Penny murmured, "I suppose so."

"Still," Mike mused aloud, "it would be an interesting experiment to see how Pam would react if I went aloof on her."

"I shouldn't have told you all that," Penny said. "I've never talked to anyone else that way." She caught her lip hard between her teeth.

Mike slipped his hand under her arm and squeezed it gratefully. "Don't feel bad about it, Penny. Believe me, I appreciate your help."

He shook his bare blond head ruefully. "When a guy gets a girl under his skin the way I've got your sister, it warps his judgment."

"You really like her a lot, don't you, Mike?" Penny asked huskily.

"That," Mike said, "is the understatement of the year."

In a way, Penny felt better, but in another way, she felt much worse. It was a relief to know she hadn't done anything to undermine Mike's feeling for Pam. But there was a sharp pain within her at the realization of just how deep that feeling was.

(To be continued)

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by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



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guest room, plus other family  
misunderstandings, add to the  
general hilarity. (Univ.-Int'l)



**LLANO**—Gary Cooper and  
Richard Webb star in this  
exciting picture. Photographed  
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struggle between the Govern-  
ment and the Seminole Indians.  
The plot concerns an expedition,  
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sets out to rescue a girl (Mari  
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by the Indians in the mysterious  
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is plenty of suspense before the  
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tense, dramatic story of the pio-  
neers who settled Portland, Ore-  
gon. James Stewart and Arthur  
Kennedy portray two border raid-  
ers from Kansas with conflicting  
plans for the future. One is at-  
tempting to build a new life for  
himself; the other sacrifices  
even honor and friendship to the  
lure of gold. Expert direction,  
fine acting, and beautiful Tech-  
nicolor photography make a pic-  
ture that holds the interest to  
the very end. (Univ.-Int'l)



**THE MODEL AND THE MAR-  
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comedy starring Thelma Ritter,  
Jeanne Crain, and Scott Brady  
in the story of a marriage broker  
who engineers a meeting be-  
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aware of the nature of Thelma's  
business, the young people de-  
velop a serious romantic interest  
in each other, which goes on the  
rocks when the girl decides the  
romance has been forced. Hu-  
mor and seriousness are nicely  
blended in this warmly human  
story. (20th Century-Fox)

## A Part to Play

(Continued from page 9)

felt far from serene, as she trudged home along the dusty road with her family. She scarcely heard the joyous yodels that the men and boys were tossing back and forth to each other. Her mind was completely preoccupied with the problem of competing with Elsie for Fritz's attention.

The problem became acute when, next morning bright and early, someone knocked at the Mueller kitchen door, and Hedy opened it to find Elsie standing there. Behind her, looking flustered, was Fritz. His truck was parked next door at the cheese factory.

"I was in our front yard when Fritz drove by with his milk delivery, so I waved to him," Elsie explained. "I thought I might as well get the headdress and try it on."

"Won't you come in?" Hedy threw open the door.

Mrs. Mueller looked up from her mixing bowl. "It's in the painted chest in the attic, Hedy."

Elsie sat down, her eyes on the pan full of chopped apples and prunes and dried apricots beside Mrs. Mueller.

"Zuribiete!" she asked. "I wish my mother'd make some. I just love it."

"Stay for dinner and have some," urged Mrs. Mueller.

"I'd love to," said Elsie, "but"—her eyes darted to Fritz—"I'd better not, because Fritz wants to practise with me on the way back."

Hedy watched the embarrassed red flood Fritz's face. Hastily she left the kitchen. In a rage she banged open the chest lid, and rummaged for the tissue-wrapped headdress. It was sickening the way Elsie acted, and awful the way Fritz was falling for it. You would think her overeagerness and clinging-vine mannerisms would repel him, but they didn't seem to.

In fact, when Elsie tried on the headdress in the kitchen, Hedy thought Fritz looked fatuously admiring. Elsie was pretty, even Hedy had to admit it, with her fair hair set off by the black-velvet streamers and lace of the brilliantly embroidered cap.

"It's so beautiful!" Elsie crooned, cocking her head this way and that to see herself better in the mirror over the kitchen sink. "It is very becoming to me, don't you think so, Mrs. Mueller?"

"Yal!" Mrs. Mueller said shortly, plopping the rolled-out pastry into a tin. "Handsome is as handsome does yet. The role is not easy. Our Rutli worked hard."

"Oh, I will, too!" Elsie fluttered her lashes in Fritz's direction. "Fritz and I are going to work hours and hours, aren't we?"

"I've got to get home!" Fritz said brusquely, heading for the door.

"Good-by and thank you so much, dear Mrs. Mueller," Elsie pressed the headdress to her heart and ran after Fritz.

Gloomily, Hedy picked up a pan and slowly went out into the garden to pick green string beans for dinner.

At each evening rehearsal Hedy watched Elsie closely. She didn't seem to be getting her lines, and she giggled nervously when she had to be prompted. As it drew near time for the performance, Elsie still was fumbling her lines. One evening Mr. Frost lost patience and reprimanded her severely. At the end of the final scene she vanished. A few moments later Hedy ran into Fritz.

"I wonder where Elsie went," he said

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worriedly. "I think it hurt her feelings to be bawled out in front of everybody."

Hedy looked at him silently. It served Elsie right for paying more attention to Fritz than to learning her lines, Hedy thought hotly, and Elsie could just go jump in the river as far as Hedy was concerned.

"If she doesn't do better," she pointed out self-righteously, "she'll spoil the pageant."

"I know it," Fritz's worried look deepened. "Honestly, Hedy, she's driving me nuts. I try to get her to concentrate, but she can't seem to. She doesn't put her mind on it but wants to babble on about the Sugar Bowl or a new dress or something. She can't seem to get down to work."

A small triumphant smile quirked Hedy's lips. So—Fritz was beginning to see the light! All Hedy had to do was be patient a little longer, and Elsie would queer herself with him for good!

Fritz noticed her smile. "I don't see anything funny about it!" he barked crossly. "It would be no joke if the pageant should be a flop after we have all worked so hard. Well, I have to get home now and catch up on my work."

He stalked off. Thoughtfully Hedy watched him go. Then she turned as somebody plucked at her sleeve. It was Elsie, her eyes tear-reddened.

"Was that Fritz—leaving?"

Hedy nodded.

Elsie's face slowly puckered. "He's disgusted with me," she wailed. "Everybody hates me because I'm such a flop! I wish I had never been given this part. I could read it all right, but I simply can't memorize it."

"Don't be silly! You can do it, but you had better get down to work."

"I know! But honestly, Hedy, I can't remember that stuffy poetry, those long-winded speeches, and the big words. I try, but I just can't!"

Hedy stared at the quivering Elsie with a disapproving eye and tight lips.

"Don't look like that, Hedy. I know I'm not smart, and I haven't anybody to help me memorize it—to prompt me while I say it. Fritz gets impatient. I don't know what I'm going to do."

Hedy looked away from her, torn between exasperation and pity. Much of Elsie's difficulty was of her own making, and she didn't deserve consideration. Yet, above Hedy's emotional conflict rose a clear sense of something that did deserve her consideration—the civic project that meant so much to her family and everyone in the village.

Certainly, Hedy could stand aside and let her rival further reveal her incompetence, and no one would ever know. Elsie would very likely forfeit Fritz's interest. Or—Hedy tried to resist the thought—she could set aside personal feelings and help Elsie, because the pageant was something bigger than any of them. But by doing so she was sure to lose Fritz to Elsie for good. When Elsie came through with a smooth performance, looking so pretty and graceful, Fritz would be sure to forget his spells of annoyance. He would never know, or care, who had pounded the lines into Elsie's blond, vapid head! No, Hedy couldn't help Elsie! And yet—"Elsie," her voice sounded faint, squeaky. "I—I could coach you, if you'd like."

"You would? Oh, Hedy!" The relief in Elsie's voice caught at Hedy's heart.

That last week sped by. Every morning, either at Hedy's house or Elsie's, the two girls went over and over the lines. Hedy had



the satisfaction of seeing Elsie improve rapidly, and at the dress rehearsal Mr. Frost even praised her. Elsie went home radiant with happiness—hanging on Fritz's arm. Hedy had a heavy lump in her chest as she walked home with her little brothers.

The great day dawned clear and lovely. Mrs. Mueller served an early noon dinner, for the pageant was to begin at one thirty. Before they were through eating, visitors were already streaming past their house, headed for the valley.

"You go on," Hedy told her mother. "I'll stack the dishes and follow."

"Ya, I will. If I hurry, I will have no breath for my speeches. Werner! Jacob! Into your costumes. Is Papa ready yet?"

Everyone bustled around, except Gramp who settled himself in his armchair for his customary after-dinner smoke and doze.

"With Hedy I will walk over, ya! Chust now I take forty winks."

The performance was about ready to begin when Hedy and her grandfather arrived. Acres of cars were parked in Mr. Hefty's fields. The hillside was packed with a confetti-colored crowd.

Hedy and her grandfather pushed under the canvas that walled off the area and made their way through the crowds to the side where the performers were waiting, hidden in the woods. She saw her mother and brothers in their places. Her father was astride a bay horse at the head of a line of mounted knights and ladies. Near the end of the line was Elsie. She looked beautiful in her blue velvet gown, but her eyes were frightened. She beckoned to Hedy. "I'm scared stiff! I know I'll forget everything."

"Nonsense! You know your part backward and forward now. Actors are always nervous beforehand. Just remember what I told you about how Rutli did the court speech."

Another horse nosed in line. It was Fritz, in a green-satin cape, boots, and plumed hat. He looked at Hedy keenly, a queer expression on his face, but there was no time to say anything, for a whistle blew, the band struck up, and the show was on.

For the next three hours Hedy forgot everything but the performance, dancing and singing when it was her turn, and watching the other actors breathlessly when she was off stage. Everything went well, including the climax when Tell shot the apple off his young son's head.

Afterward, everybody wanted to take pictures. Hedy had to pose again and again with the dancers. Out of a corner of her eye she saw Fritz and Elsie posing side by side. She realized that she was very tired, and that it was all over—everything!

She couldn't bear standing around any longer with an artificial smile on her face, so she walked away, quickly losing herself in the milling crowds.

Cars went by, one after the other, filled with strangers, who peered curiously at her in her costume. She wanted to get off the road before Fritz's milk truck, with Elsie beside him on the seat, should come by, so she hurried along, growing more and more tired and hot and dusty.

Someone honked at her, but she refused to look. Some city wolves, she supposed! The honk was more insistent, and then a familiar voice called, "Hey! Hedy, are you deaf? Don't you want a ride the rest of the way?"

There was Fritz—leaning out and grinning. "Uh, why—yes, I guess so," she stammered,

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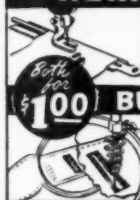
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and climbed in dazedly. Where was Elsie?

As if in answer to her unspoken question, he said, "Now the shindig is over, I'm a free man again—and am I glad! It looks as if we're both going to have a lot of time on our hands, aren't we?"

"I guess so." Still puzzled, Hedy tried to sound as casual and rational as he. "Of course, school starts next week."

"I'll miss school, sort of," Fritz had graduated. "I'd like to get invited back to some of the dances." He smiled at her.

Hedy's confusion was doubled. "Won't Elsie—?" she fumbled.

"Elsie!" he snorted. "You don't know how glad I am I'm through playing nursemaid to Elsie. What a relief she came through all right today! But after all my self-sacrifice, it was you who drilled her into it, not me."

From the tip of her toes to the top of her head a glow spread through Hedy. What if she hadn't played the leading part in the pageant? She had won the affection and respect of the boy she liked.

She looked contentedly at the world around her. Cows stood waiting at pasture gates. Smoke lazied up from kitchen chimneys. A bobolink whistled from a fence post. A man yodeled across the valley, and from somewhere else another voice echoed, "Ho-di-li-o-ho!" How wonderful everything was—riding home with Fritz! **THE END**

### By You

(Continued from page 25)

### What A Day!

Nonfiction Award

9:00 Climbed sleepily out of bed, got dressed, and ate breakfast.

9:30 Started for the store to purchase valentines with the remainder of my allowance.

9:55 Came home from the store with the decision that I would create my own valentines. The ones at the stores cost too much.

10:30 Discovered, after I had turned the house upside down, that I would never meet with any success in finding colored paper and paste in the house.

10:50 Returned from the store with paste and colored paper.

11:00 Was scolded about the mess I had made before and had to clean it up.

11:45 Made preparations to make valentines.

11:55 Had to stop (before I had even begun) to set the table for lunch.

12:40 Finished lunch, cleaned off the table, and did the dishes.

1:00 Found my brother, Martin, looking over the colored paper with his muddy hands.

1:05 After counting to one hundred and then discovering that my anger had not subsided, I followed my usual procedure and yelled at Martin for spoiling my things. Mother did not like my attitude! For punishment, I am not to go to the movies for a week.

1:15 Cleaned up the paper and miscellaneous articles my brother had made.

1:30 Hurried home from the store with a fresh package of colored paper.

1:40 Gathered together all the materials I would need and then went to work.

2:00 Found out that making pretty valentines isn't such an easy job.

2:15 Spilled ink on the glass tabletop.

2:25 Finished cleaning up the ink.

2:30 Borrowed money on my next allowance to buy more ink.

3:15 Came back from the store and made six valentines. After looking the valentines over,

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decided they were not good enough to give to my worst enemy. Tore them up.

4:00 Finished three valentines that I thought were nice enough to use.

5:00 Completed all the valentines I needed and cleaned up the mess I made.

5:05 Father came home and looked at the valentines I had made, thinking they were his mail. "What are these things?" he asked. "Did Martin make them in his kindergarten class? He should have done better than that!"

5:20 Making sure nobody was looking, I quietly tore up all the valentines I had made and threw them away. Thoroughly disgusted.

5:30 Borrowed some money and went to the store to buy all the valentines I needed.

ZELDA STARK (age 13) Woodbine, New Jersey

### The Park Bench

Fiction Award

It was a misty, gray evening, and through the park one could see only by the dim street lights which lined the paths. An old man sat motionless on a damp bench circled by the light from the lamp above it. All around there was a hushed silence, broken only by the occasional honking of horns or shouting of pedestrians from the busy city outside the park.

A little girl, thin and wistful, came skipping into the circle of light where the old man slumped. She paused in the middle of some tune she had been singing in a high childish voice. Solemnly she regarded the still figure—eyes wide open with the curiosity and sympathy which all children have toward their elders who don't seem to have much fun out of life, because they never skip or sing or laugh freely. She leaned her head to one side, tapped him on the shoulder, and said softly, "Old man, do you sleep? Why do you sit here alone?"

The old man stirred and opened his eyes. He looked surprised to see the elfish figure before him, but he did not answer her questions. Timidly the child sat on the edge of the bench; again she spoke.

"Mister, don't be afraid of me! I'm a good girl. My name is Linda." The old man sat straighter and looked again, harder, at the child. He smiled but said nothing.

The little girl, Linda, moved closer to him. She looked quite puzzled. This man wasn't like most old men she knew. Linda sat up very straight, and once again she ventured to speak to this silent stranger.

"Old man, talk to me!" she pleaded. "I am not a stranger, because I have told you my name. I'm a big girl! Old man, do you know how old I am? Why, I'm—let me see—oh, yes, I'm twelve—no I'm fifteen!" Then changing her mind, she whispered confidentially, "I'm really only four and a half, but don't tell!"

As she spoke she edged closer to this interesting figure, examining him with childlike scrutiny. So deep was her interest in this still bent figure that she forgot all shyness. Never before in her short life had Linda come in contact with someone like this! Suddenly she was filled with pity for him, and yet, because of her childish innocence, she knew not why except that he seemed so lonely and forlorn.

"You know," she reasoned maturely, "you are like my dolls. They do not speak either. I talk to them all the time, but they just smile and blink their eyes—like you. I don't mind that though, because I know they love me. Old man, do you love me?" Suddenly the emotion welled up strongly inside her little chest, and quickly she slid into the lap of this "doll-man." She hugged him. He slipped his arms around her little body, and she sighed

happily for she felt that in some way she had made the poor man happier.

"Old man," she mused thoughtfully, "why aren't you at your home? Why do you sit on this bench? Don't you have a nice, warm home?" she questioned. Linda knew by this time that she probably would receive no answer. "You know," she stated with a mischievous gleam in her eye, "I'm not really a little girl. I'm—I'm, oh yes, I'm a little elf-child. That's what Mommy calls me. Do you think I'm a little elf-child?" she asked in a pixielike manner with a bewitching little-girl smile. On and on she chattered like a self-winding clock. The man watched this animated, appealing, little elf-child that sat with her arms twined about this neck. He stared and marveled at this strange child who did not run from him. Suddenly Linda glanced up and saw tears stinging in the half-closed eyes of the old man. Impulsively she drew herself up and kissed him on the cheek. Then with a gleeful childish laugh she bounced from his lap. Again she smiled, briefly—wistfully—at him, and then she skipped out of the circle of light.

The old man straightened up and peered after her, but not a sign of a frail little girl could he see. Slowly he rose from the bench and shook his head strangely. But then, after all, how could the child have realized that this silent old man was deaf and dumb. Slowly the bent figure walked away, and as he stepped from the circle of light about the bench, he too was swallowed up by the misty, gray evening.

SUSAN DUBINSKY (age 14) St. Louis, Missouri

### Night Music

Nonfiction Award

One by one, slowly but deliberately, the artists entered the orchestra pit and began to tune up. From somewhere there came the scratching sounds of the bullfrog, from farther away, the soft sighing arpeggios of the harp as the brook ran down its path. Then as if part of a theater performance the beautiful panorama dimmed. While the stars glittered radiantly and the luminous moon shone, the "Nocturnal Symphony" began.

The prelude was one of peace and solitude. The wind, still and sweet, introduced the first long passage of the flutes. It ran through the trees, rustling them, and sighed as of lost hope. The golden harp, in reality the now-laughing brook, hummed a strain of enchanting music, and when it reached the waterfall, the intermezzo crescendoed until the crickets awoke. They cried out for quiet, chanting minor chords like the fifth intervals of the violins. The bullfrog bellowed discordantly in his bass viola voice, while the crickets sang their plaintive notes on the violin. The frenzied excitement mounted still higher. The drums thundered as the trapped animals sought protection. Reaching a magnificent climax, the violins, drums, and bass viols stormed at one another.

Slowly, there came the first signs of dawn. Still the playful brook ran happily as the falling dew, softly like the airy notes of the flute, restored peace to the woods. The song of the piccolo-throated birds brought warmth to the calm stillness. Seeing that their job of awakening the animal kingdom was completed, they slowly ended their beautiful aria.

Then, as the lights of the theater went on, the sun rose in the east over the distant mountains, and the "Nocturnal Symphony" was ended.

ELIZABETH ANN GLENZ

(age 14) Brooklyn, New York



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# Complexion Hints

by Gina Farley



**Just your luck** to pop out in "spots" the day of the party! Now don't start to blame your "age"! And don't get downhearted! Blemishes, you know, are often caused by carelessness. See if your

luck doesn't change when you change your complexion care.

**Discovered!** A most sensible plan for girls your age is the easy Noxzema Beauty Routine. It helps keep your skin *glowing* clean. That's an important step toward lovelier looking skin. See how quickly it helps heal any annoying externally-caused blemishes you may have now.



**Whee—how easy!** Morning and night, "creamwash" with Noxzema. Smooth it on your face. Then wash it off with a cloth wrung out in warm water. Noxzema actually washes off with water —because it's *greaseless*! And there's no dry, drawn feeling afterwards!

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**Remember:** now is a wonderful time to get acquainted with *medicated* Noxzema. For a limited time only, this fine, many purpose beauty cream is being sold at a special money-saving price. You can get 40¢ jar for only 29¢ plus tax—at any drug or cosmetic counter.

# Jokes

## COULDN'T TRICK HER

A girl applying for a stenographer's job was given a spelling test.

"How do you spell Mississippi?" she was asked.

"The river or the State?" she queried.  
Sent by BARBARA BARROSO, Key West, Florida

## AND NO HOT SEAT

JACK: What is a good definition of skiing?

JOAN: A winter sport that people learn in several sittings.

Sent by JUNE HERBERT, New Manmouth, New Jersey

## SMELT?

WAITER: You're not eating your fish, sir. What's wrong?

DINKER: Long time, no sea.  
Sent by JOAN WINSAUER, Seguin, Texas

## THREE RAHS FOR THE SPOOK

FRESHMAN: This school must be haunted!

SOPH: What do you mean, haunted?

FRESHMAN: Well, they're always talking about the school spirit.

Sent by JOAN GAIL WOOD, Waynesboro, Virginia

## NO ILL WIND

PASSER-BY: How's business?

SCISSORS GRINDER: Fine! I never saw things so dull.

Sent by BOBBY LOU HARMON, Marion, Indiana

## AND RESPECT FOR AGE?

BERT: Why do you always take off your hat when I tell a joke?

BART: It's my way of greeting an old acquaintance.

Sent by PATRICIA BROWN, Denison, Texas

## DUMBSTRUCK

TEACHER: What did Franklin say when he discovered electricity?

STUDENT: Not a word. He was too shocked by the whole thing.

Sent by MARILYN ROVANO, Detroit, Michigan

## GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH

The clerk, impatient after having shown most of his stock of toys to a small boy, snapped, "What do you want for a nickel, sonny? The world with a fence around it?"

"Let's see it!" said the small customer, his face lighting up.

Sent by SUE CARTER, Abilene, Texas

## BUT NO INCOME TAX

EDITH: Why is the man in the moon always poor?

AGATHA: I don't know. Why?

EDITH: Because he never has more than four quarters.

Sent by JANET RUSSO, Pikeville, Kentucky

## SECOND CHOICE

In one of his political campaigns, Lincoln encountered a crusty old farmer who was bitterly opposed to him.

"Vote for you?" shouted the farmer. "Why, I'd sooner vote for the devil!"

"I'm sure you would," replied Lincoln, "but if your friend doesn't run, will you give me your vote?"

Sent by JOYCE PILCHER, Richmond, Virginia

## NO, SIR!

TEACHER: Johnny, was George Washington a soldier or a sailor?

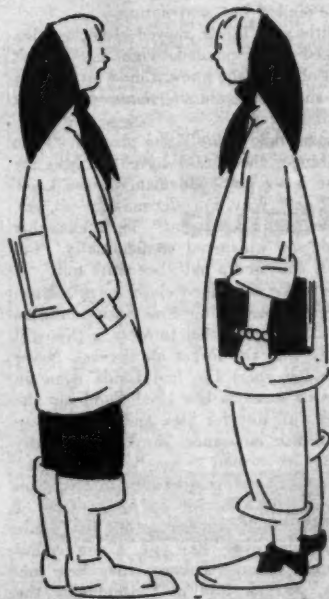
JOHNNY: A soldier.

TEACHER: Why are you so positive?

JOHNNY: Would a sailor stand up in a rowboat crossing the Delaware?

Sent by MERRILYN CAMPBELL, Alfred, New York

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.



"He's very daring! He wears a tie, keeps his pants pressed, and his shoes are always shined!"

## Topknot Techniques

(Continued from page 28)

Whether you have your permanent done professionally by someone in a beauty shop or try a home permanent, remember that the wave must be a really good one. Very fine hair presents a special problem for permanent waving, so if you decide on a home permanent be sure you really know what you are about. Follow the instructions for fine hair carefully.

Ends curled up means you must keep them that way (remember the cat-dragged-in-look!). So be prepared to follow the "bobby-pin road" at least every other night. If your hair is very fine, every night is the wiser course. You may say, "But why? If I have a permanent, doesn't that take care of it?" Not if you want hair always to look its best. Tests have proved that a permanent lasts longer and keeps its curl better if the ends are rolled up on pins three or four times a week. This doesn't mean you have to do your whole head every night—just the short ends at the back of the neck and the curls around your face will do the trick.

If you are the lucky girl whose hair is the beautifully manageable kind, then your choice of hairdo is wide. But be sure to pick one that suits your general features. And whatever your special hair problem may be, remember that frequent brushing and at least a once-a-week really thorough shampoo are the basics for well-groomed hair.

So shop around until you find a hairdo that really suits your special type of hair. Ask your mother to help you define your particular hair problem. Consult the hairdresser, too, for he can best give you tips on the proper line and cut for your face.

Thick hair or thin, there is a way for you to wear it so that it will be becoming, not too difficult to manage, and definitely suited to you!

THE END

## Teen-Ager . . . British Style

(Continued from page 13)

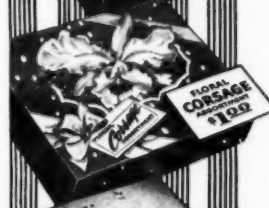
come from their own allotment—a small square, ten feet by twenty—of a community field about twelve minutes walk from the cottage, where they grow their own cabbages, potatoes, Brussels sprouts, peas, turnips, carrots, and a few luscious strawberries. There is keen rivalry over their produce among the allotment holders. One year Jill won a prize for the biggest vegetable marrow (a long, gourd-shaped vegetable, which tastes like a very sweet summer squash).

In the evening, Jill may have another half-hour's homework before she goes to a meeting of a girl's club she belongs to, reads, or plays some of her records. The Hamptons have no telephone, so Jill can't indulge in long conversations! She is in bed by ten.

Week-end evenings, she may go to a movie with friends (she likes French films, because "the production details are so good") or perhaps to a party at someone's house. Once in a while she goes out alone with a boy, but more often it is a group party, and she must always be in by eleven.

Asked about "going steady," Jill said:

"Not yet! I probably won't get married for another eight or nine years, and I don't want to go with just one boy all that time! Most girls in England don't think of marrying until they're around twenty-four. Of course, some girls get married earlier, but we don't start planning and dreaming about



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New York, N. Y.	Bloomingdale Bros.	Suit on Page 19		
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marriage in our teens. We want to do some interesting work and have lots of friends first. Anyway, a group can have more fun than a twosome."

Jill has little opportunity for dancing, and she does not know what a jukebox is. Often she spends a week end with her Girl Guides, either at rallies or hiking and bicycling over the English countryside with a knapsack on her back. They spend the night at old farmhouses converted into youth hostels. Some of Jill's friends have Saturday-morning jobs at big London department stores, but Jill's father likes her to be out in the fresh air as much as possible, and says that there is plenty of time for jobs later.

On Sunday, Jill goes to the village church with her family at eleven, and again at six thirty for Evensong. Like the majority of English people, the Hamptons belong to the Church of England, and two years ago Jill was confirmed in it. She belongs to the Youth Club of her parish, and last year, a group of them went to Switzerland for the summer vacation. Jill loves to travel during the holidays, and she already knows more of England and Scotland than the average Britisher.

Since she lives so near London and can visit the city often, most of Jill's pocket money goes for tickets to plays and concerts and the ballet. Like so many of her friends she would rather go to the theater than eat, and you will usually find her among the first in the queue for unreserved gallery seats at two shillings. That is just twenty-eight cents and in a London theater, almost all of which are small and intimate, Jill gets a splendid view of the world's greatest actors and actresses in first-run plays. Perhaps her favorite is the Sadler's Wells Ballet. "Moirs Shearer in *Swan Lake*—heavenly!"

But if you asked Jill what her real hobby is, she'd answer, "Reading" at once.

"I love it. So do all my friends. Why, yes, we read a great deal outside of school assignments. I love fiction and biography, particularly Thackeray's novels, but I read everything."

"Everything" for Jill includes political editorials. (She has intelligent political arguments with her father and often wins!), French and English newspapers, American women's magazines, and books on current events. She reads "Alice in Wonderland" and "Winnie the Pooh" books over every year, "and I always find something new that I missed before."

She has almost every book and article ever written about Princess Margaret.

"I guess you'd call her my—model. If I could grow up like her, not a princess of course, but with her charm and kindness and sense of fun, I'd be happy. Every English teen-ager loves her. She's sort of our special property."

Jill's ambition is to be a teacher. "But I shall have to win a scholarship to the University for that. The family couldn't afford to send me otherwise." If Jill does not teach, she will take a commercial course and become a shorthand-typist as so many of her friends are doing. "And speaking of ambitions," Jill says, "well, one of the most extra-special ones is to visit America someday. I want to see the Mississippi, the Grand Canyon, Williamsburg, and Hollywood! Wouldn't that be a smashing trip! And I'd like to have lots of American girls come to England for a while, so we could all get to know each other and grow together in friendship and understanding!"

THE END





## Beautiful Hair

# B R E C K



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS. Hair is dry, oily or normal. There is a Breck Shampoo for each of these quite different hair conditions. There is Breck Shampoo for Dry Hair, Breck Shampoo for Oily Hair and Breck Shampoo for Normal Hair. Ask for the Breck Shampoo best suited to your hair. The Breck Shampoo for your hair will leave it clean, fragrant and lustrous.

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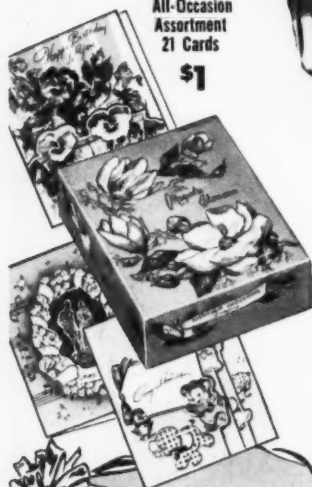
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\$1

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